No. 113 Sept. '67

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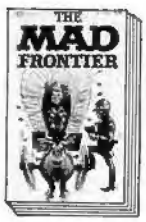

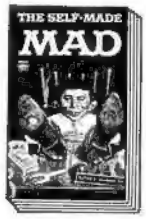

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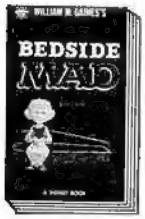

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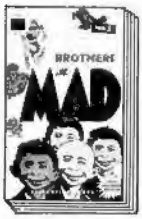

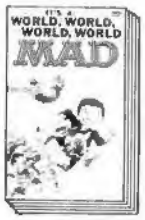

...mainly these thirty ridiculous

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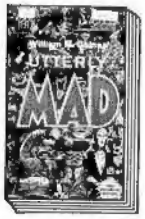

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NUMBER 113 SEPTEMBER 1967

MAD

"An electronic computer and a bikini swim suit are very much alike . . . they both eliminate a great deal of guesswork!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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subscriptions

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—Sept. 1967 Vol. 1, Number 113, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 19 issues $5.00. Outside U.S.A., 19 issues $6.25. Allow 8 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1967 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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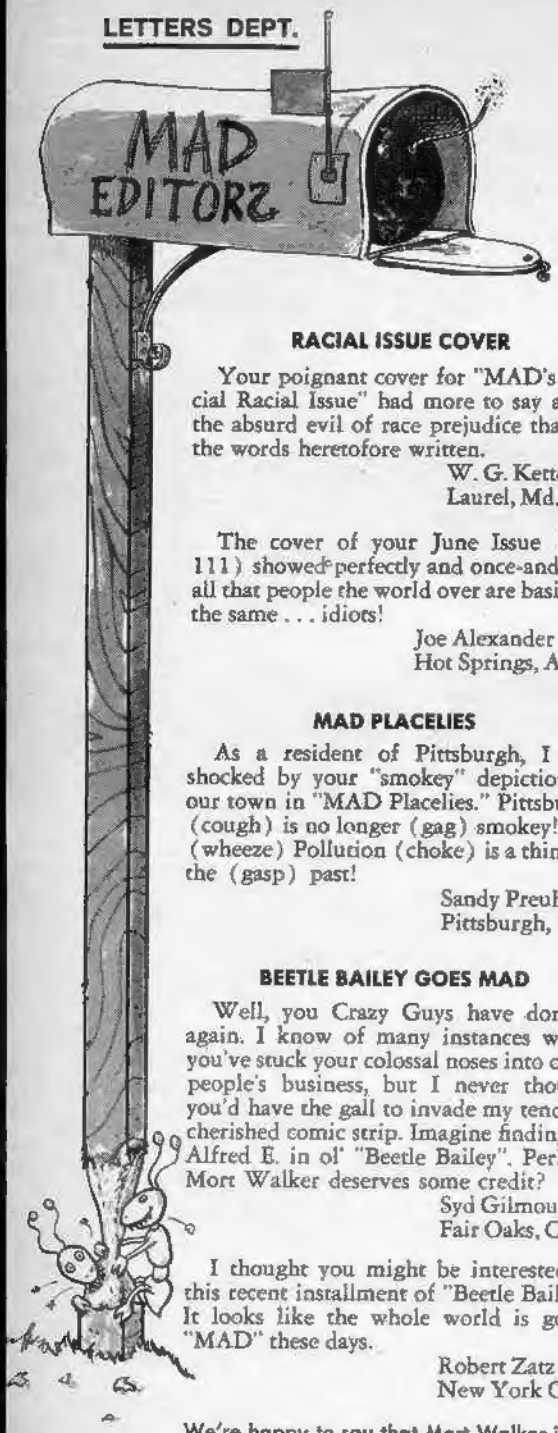


RACIAL ISSUE COVER

Your poignant cover for "MAD's Special Racial Issue" had more to say about the absurd evil of race prejudice than all the words heretofore written.

W. G. Ketterer
Laurel, Md.

The cover of your June Issue (No. 111) showed perfectly and once-and-for-all that people the world over are basically the same . . . idiots!

Joe Alexander
Hot Springs, Ark.

MAD PLACELIES

As a resident of Pittsburgh, I was shocked by your "smokey" depiction of our town in "MAD Placelies." Pittsburgh (cough) is no longer (gag) smokey! Air (wheeze) Pollution (choke) is a thing of the (gasp) past!

Sandy Preuhs
Pittsburgh, Pa.

BEETLE BAILEY GOES MAD

Well, you Crazy Guys have done it again. I know of many instances where you've stuck your colossal noses into other people's business, but I never thought you'd have the gall to invade my tenderly cherished comic strip. Imagine finding ol' Alfred E. in ol' "Beetle Bailey". Perhaps Mort Walker deserves some credit?

Syd Gilmour
Fair Oaks, Cal.

I thought you might be interested in this recent installment of "Beetle Bailey." It looks like the whole world is going "MAD" these days.

Robert Zatz
New York City

We're happy to say that Mort Walker is an avid MAD Reader and has enjoyed our past pokes at his strip. Needless to say, we enjoyed his turning the tables on us!—Ed.

STOKELY AND TESS

My congratulations to Larry Siegel and Mort Drucker for attaining new heights in the use of satire. Their "Stokely and Tess" took a very objective look at the civil rights problem. I'm sure this article brought a smile to the face of those most affected and most involved in this situation.

Richard Yee
Philadelphia, Pa.

After finishing the first page of your most distasteful article, "Stokely and Tess", I became infuriated. I think that you deliberately insulted the Negro people and mocked the quest for their long-sought-after Freedom following many years of severe persecution and punishment.

Noreen Smith
C. W. Post College
Long Island, N.Y.

I realize that you are going to receive many letters from irate readers condemning your "Stokely and Tess" musical satire. Although I do not completely agree with the way the issue was presented, I still feel that this was an article of exceptional quality. It presented both sides of the picture, and the philosophy of "good and bad" on both sides.

J. E. Koman
East Point, Ga.

Congratulations on "Stokely and Tess". It's about time the recent "Civil Rights" activites were put in their proper perspective. You did a great job.

Gediminas Leonas
Cleveland, Ohio

It was grossly unfair to the people and perhaps the whole Civil Rights movement.

Deborah S. David
Columbia University
New York City

It was an honest representation of the Civil Rights movement.

S. A.
Hartsville, S.C.

I wish to congratulate you on "Stokely and Tess"—a straight-forward account of "what's happening, baby"!

Harriet Peltzman R.P.
Eatontown, N.J.

MAD SHOW CONCESSION STAND

I recently attended a performance of "THE MAD SHOW" in New York. During the intermission, I stopped by the concession stand in the lobby to buy some candy. But instead, the "MAD-girl" on duty there sold me some Hair Cream, a can of Drano, Ex-Lax, Sunglasses, a painted Rock and a jar of Cold Cream. That's the most ridiculous concession stand I have ever seen. And the show was even more ridiculous. Mainly, I loved them both!

Jo Ann Le Compte
New York City

MAD-Concession-Stand-Girl Susan Walker

VANISHING HUMAN TYPES

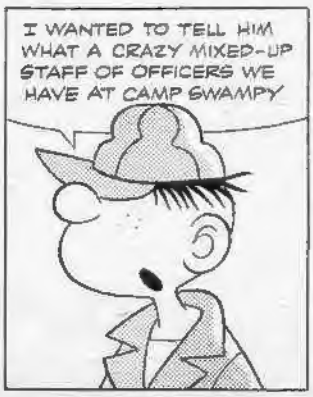
Thank you! Thank you! Thank you for the most honest, sincere, hilarious and marvelous article in your magazine's history. I'm referring to "Vanishing Human Types and Their Modern Replacements".

William J. Biehl
Metairie, La.

I was highly amused by your article, "Vanishing Human Types and Their Modern Replacements." But I noticed you missed one of the modern types, namely: "The Functional Illiterate (MADus Misinterpretus)" whose main characteristic is to take your fine satires as a personal insult. I'm glad to see these nuts have not hindered your courageous work.

John L. Byrne
Calgary, Alberta, Can.

That's due to two other Modern Types: Publisherus Peculiaris and Editorus Empty-Headis!—Ed.



WHY SPY?

My congratulations for your excellent satire, "Why Spy?" Stan Hart's writing was superb and Mort Drucker's artistry was fantastic. All of your TV satires are great, but this was your greatest.

Steve Ullman
West Los Angeles, Cal.

Your satire of "I Spy" was one of the most uncalled for articles I have ever read in MAD. It is one of the few TV shows worth watching, and you're a bunch of rotten finks for slandering it.

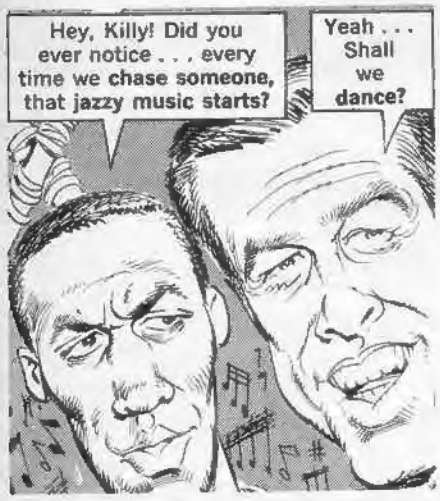
Bob Lyon
Bryan, Ohio

My congratulations on "Why Spy?" Even though I enjoy the TV show, your critical satire of it was superb.

Valerie Conlan
Bronx, N.Y.

It disgusted me to see a show with such high standards as "I Spy" degraded in your magazine. Robert Culp and Bill Cosby should be given a "hand" and not a satire for their fine performances.

Robert Shaw
East Brunswick, N.J.



"I Spy" is great, and the two stars mumbling to each other makes it even greater. If you were half as funny as they are, your circulation would double.

Joe Rogoff
Bethesda, Md.

MAD . . . A SUB-CULTURE?

After time-consuming research, I have found facts revealing what MAD Magazine actually is . . . a sub-culture! A sub-culture consisting of thriving addicts who live for the next issue, who savor every word and picture, and who lose themselves in the psychedelic world created by your magazine. I am proud to be a member of that sub-culture. And it's cheaper than LSD!

Bill Rotts
St. Joseph, Mo.

But much more dangerous!—Ed.

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ACHILLES WHEEL DEPT.

Lately, there's been a lot of screaming about how Car Manufacturers are to blame for the slaughter on our highways. Well, we at MAD say, "Be fair! Let's put the blame where it really belongs!" Unfortunately, all we could come up with was the Car Manufacturers. Lately, however, the Auto Industry has been trying to make up for those silly little boo-boos that killed 50,000 people a year. They're now putting all kinds of safety features into cars—like padded dashboards and padded sun

SOME MAD AUTO

ARTIST & WRITER:

NO MATTER HOW SAFELY AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT,

IRVING HEADTURNER

Irving's the type of driver who constantly turns his head to the rear in order to ogle girls or talk. This drives passengers crazy . . . not because it's unsafe, but because Irving has bad breath. But even with pleasant breath, a driver who looks everywhere but frontward can be nerve-wracking . . . not to mention car, pole and fence-wracking.

TOMMY TAILGATER

Tommy loves to get right on the tail of the car in front—especially at high speed. He chuckles, thinking about how terrified driver ahead will be when he looks in rear-view mirror. Of course, sometimes driver ahead applies brakes without ever looking in rear-view mirror. That's when our Tommy ends up being scraped off car ahead with a spatula.

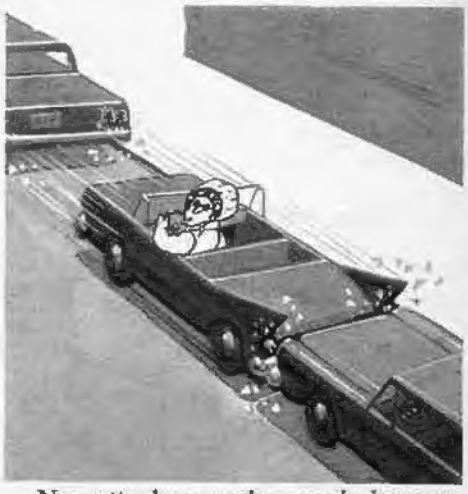
PERCY DISTRACTED

This poor schnook is often beset by a nagging wife and screaming kids. The splitting headache that he gets makes for dangerous driving . . . not because he's liable to crash accidentally, but because he'd like to do it on purpose.

HENRY ONEARM

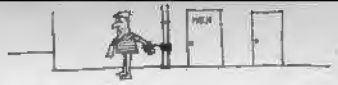
Henry just can't resist putting an arm around any chick that rides in his car. This is especially dangerous when the chick insists upon sitting in the back seat. And the steamed-up windows don't add to safe driving conditions, either.

ZELDA BUMPERTHUMPER



No matter how much space she has, our Zelda always raps the car in front and back while parking. This in itself is not dangerous . . . but it will be later on, when the drivers of those cars in front and back try using their lights.

NOW TURN THE PAGE AND SEE HOW CLEVERLY MAD



visors and padded radio knobs and padded bills to pay for it all. Yes, safety features have actually become a fad. If this craze keeps up, we may someday see such undreamed of things as safe tires. But with all this work being done to make cars safe, one area of accident prevention is being sorely neglected. Namely, the driver himself! After all, no matter how safe an automobile is made, if the driver doesn't drive it safely, the whole thing is useless. So with this in mind, here are

SAFETY FEATURES

AL JAFFEE

IDIOTS LIKE THESE WILL STILL HAVE ACCIDENTS!

SIDNEY FACESTUFFER

Sidney loves to eat while he's driving because he figures that he saves time that way. Sometimes, drivers like Sidney save an eternity that way. But the worst part of the accidents that happen to drivers like Sidney is when the police arrive at the scene and they have to try to figure out which is Sid—and which is just a piece of pizza pie.

DARRYL DRUNKENSLOB

Drunks like Darryl are in a class by themselves when it comes to causing property damage, injury and death. Then, there's the trouble they cause driving *cars!* But no matter how often they're warned, they'll go right out and do it again . . . acting as if they don't know what's going on . . . acting as if . . . as if they were drunk or something!

BERNIE SMOKESTACK

Fumbling for cigarettes, lighter, ash tray and the address of a chest X-ray clinic can make smoking while driving a hazard to other drivers. Especially when falling ashes start fires—like the one burning there in Bernie's lap.

MARVIN CATNAPPER

Marvin's one big problem is: he can't sleep in bed. He's up all night with insomnia. But the minute he's behind the wheel of a car, driving, he pops right off. And so do the people that he hits while he's dozing and driving.

WESLEY WRONGSIGNAL

The directional signal is often used improperly. Many drivers signal for a left turn . . . then make a right absent-mindedly. Others, like Wesley here, do it because they really don't know their left from their right and vice versa.

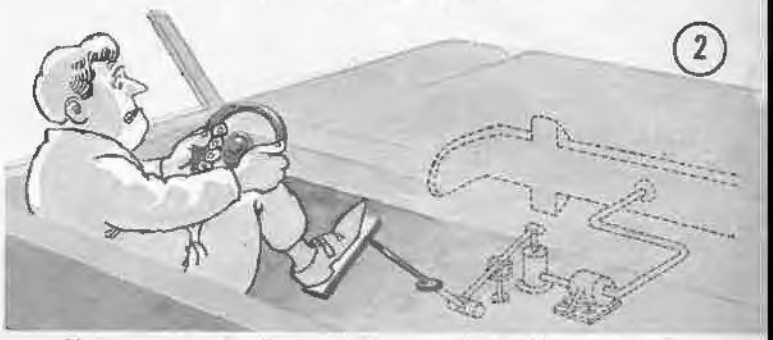
SOLVES THE PROBLEM OF THESE IDIOT-DRIVERS!

MAD'S NEW AUTOMOBILE KEEP MOST DEDICATED

HEAD RETURNER
for Irving Headturner

Headpiece swivels in any direction, which allows Irving freedom for normal and necessary looking around while he is driving. However, it will not allow him to linger too long in these positions because the automatic timer snaps his head back facing forward after exactly three seconds.

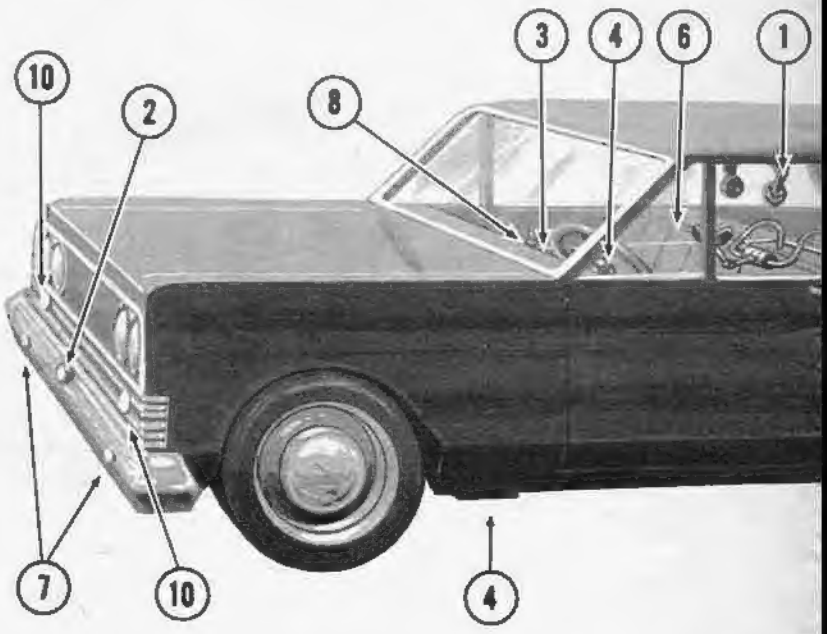
RADAR SLOWDOWNER
for Tommy Tailgater



Short-range radar in front bumper, hooked to accelerator, pushes gas pedal back to keep cars one length apart for every ten miles per hour of speed. This saves the lives of many Tommy Tailgaters—a disadvantage that should be overlooked, considering the other worthy lives it saves.

SAFETY ISOLATOR
for Percy Distracted

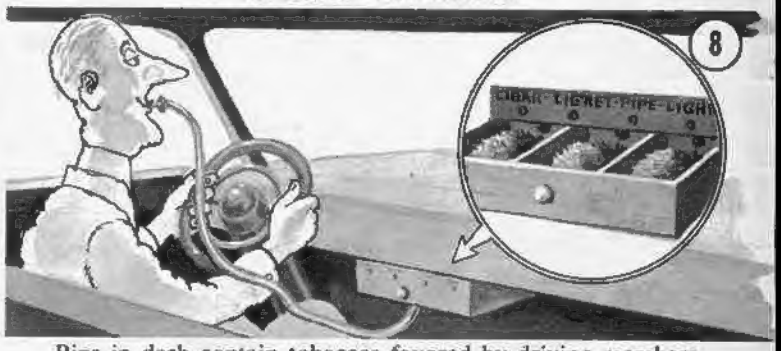
When nagging and screaming begins, a sonar device automatically raises a plastic isolator at a pre-set decibel level. This not only shields Percy from unwanted noise, but razor-sharp edges of isolator screen keep those unwanted hands from reaching around.



BUMPER BARFER
for Zelda Bumperthumper

Car bumpers are supported by tension springs. When they are compressed with more than normal force, a very loud and obscene sound is emitted, followed by the ejection of an appropriate foul odor. The reaction of people passing by embarrasses Zelda and reminds her to be more careful.

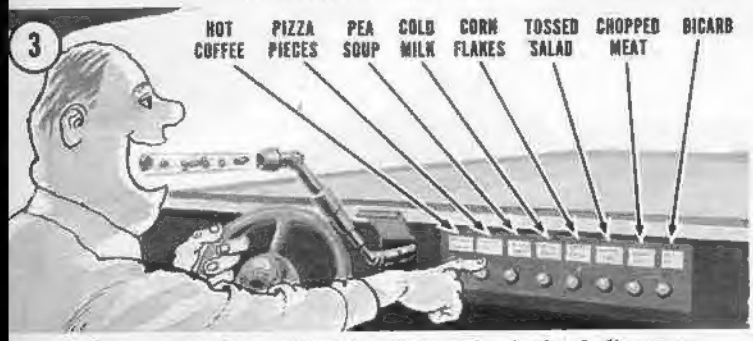
HOOKAH INHALER
for Bernie Smokestack



Bins in dash contain tobaccos favored by driving members of family. Smoker places "hookah" tube in mouth, presses selector, and proper tobacco product is automatically lit. Ashes are ejected and danger of fire is eliminated. Car, however, should be checked regularly for signs of cancer.

SAFETY FEATURES WILL IDIOTS OUT OF TROUBLE!

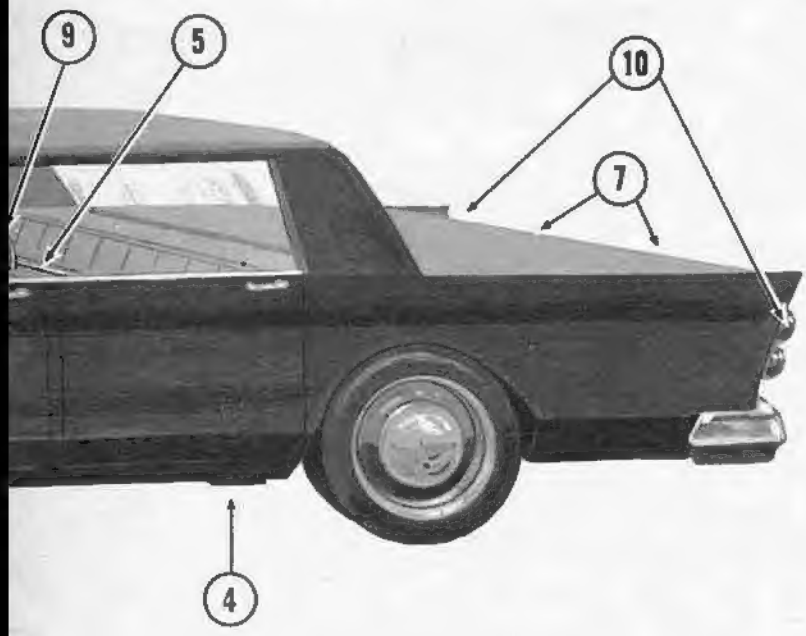
AUTOMATIC FEEDER
for Sidney Facestuffer



Before each automobile trip, Sidney loads food dispeners with goodies. Pressing the selector buttons while driving activates proper servo-mechanisms which squirt liquids and deliver solids unerringly through tube to Sidney's waiting mouth, without his having to take his eye off road ahead.

AUTOMATIC PICK-ME-UPPER
for Darryl Drunkenslob

When drunken Darryl stumbles into car, alcohol-sensitive electronic sensor in steering column measures his breath and calculates his degree of drunkenness. If the level is unsafe, automatic jacks extend below car, raising wheels, which spin freely while drunk falls asleep at the wheel.



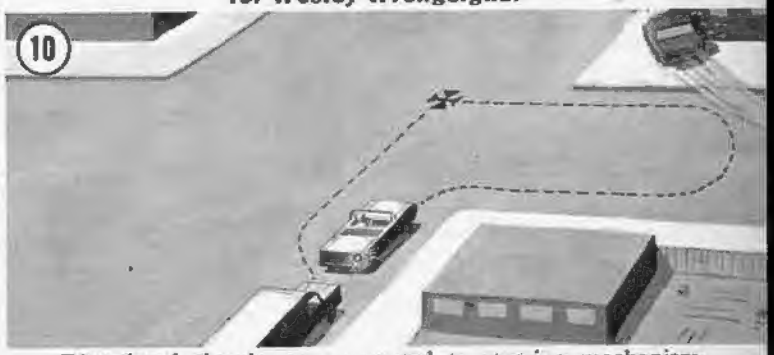
BURNING REMINDER
for Henry Onearm

While car ignition is on, an electric heating element located inside chrome strip across back of front seat is on, too. So Henry's amorous desires are quickly cooled by a burning reminder, and the results are safer two-handed driving until he can park someplace.

WAKER-UPPER
for Marvin Catnapper

Device worn on chest contains chin support with electric switch which is in "off" position when head is erect. But when Marvin gets sleepy and head nods forward or backward, switch goes on, activating jet nozzle in steering column which releases smelling salts spray that shocks him awake.

CORRECT TURN GUARANTEE-ER
for Wesley Wrongsignal



Directional signals are connected to steering mechanism so that wheel will not turn in any direction other than the one signalled. After turn is completed, the wheel is freed once again. Of course, idiots like Wesley are still dangerous, but their score is kept lower by this device.

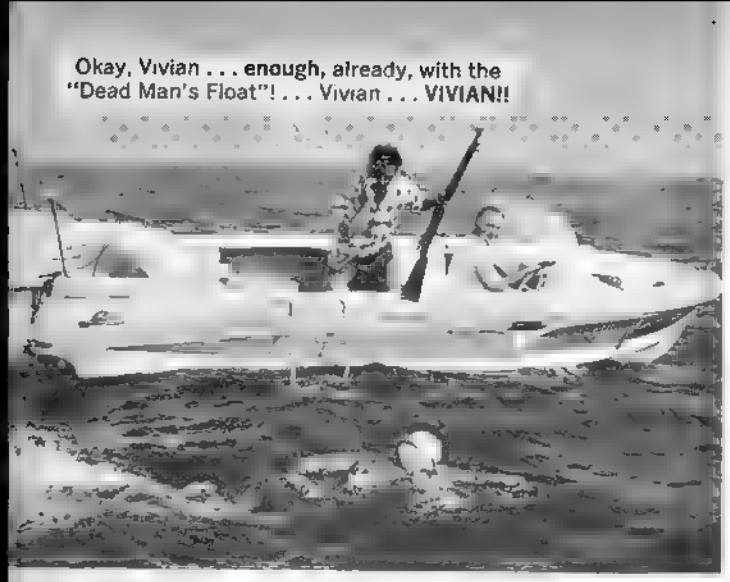
AQUA-BATS DEPT.

WATER SPORTS

FOTO-PLAYS

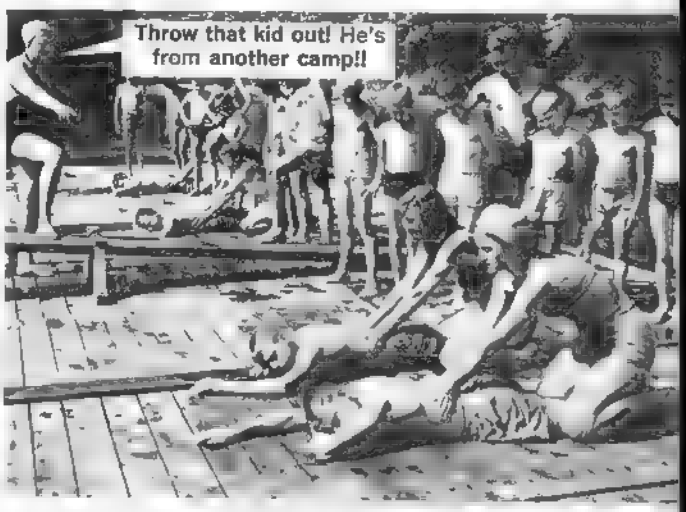
WRITER:
ARNIE KOGEN

PHOTOS BY
U. P. I. &
WORLD WIDE


Okay, Vivian . . . enough, already, with the "Dead Man's Float"! . . . Vivian . . . VIVIAN!!

From now on, Klavan, just shoot the ball . . . without dribbling!

Well, whaddya know! Guess what, Miss Farington! I'm out of gas!!


Throw that kid out! He's from another camp!!

Then it's agreed! I won't splash you —and you won't make fun of my hat!

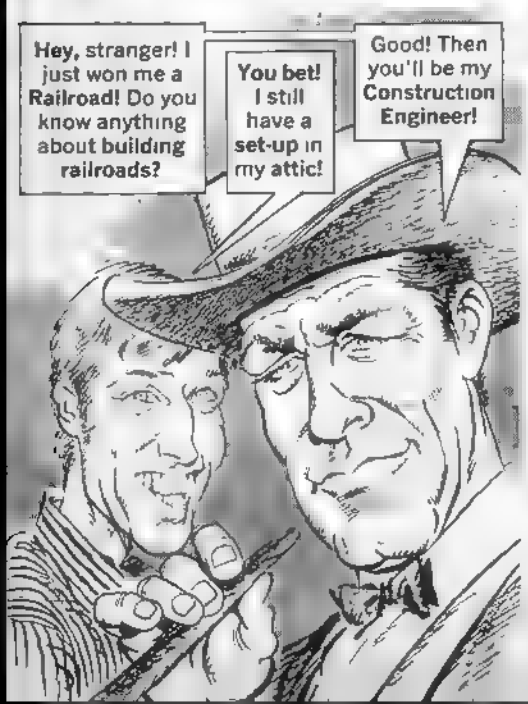
Wait a minute!! This isn't Silver Springs! Boy, did we take a wrong turn!

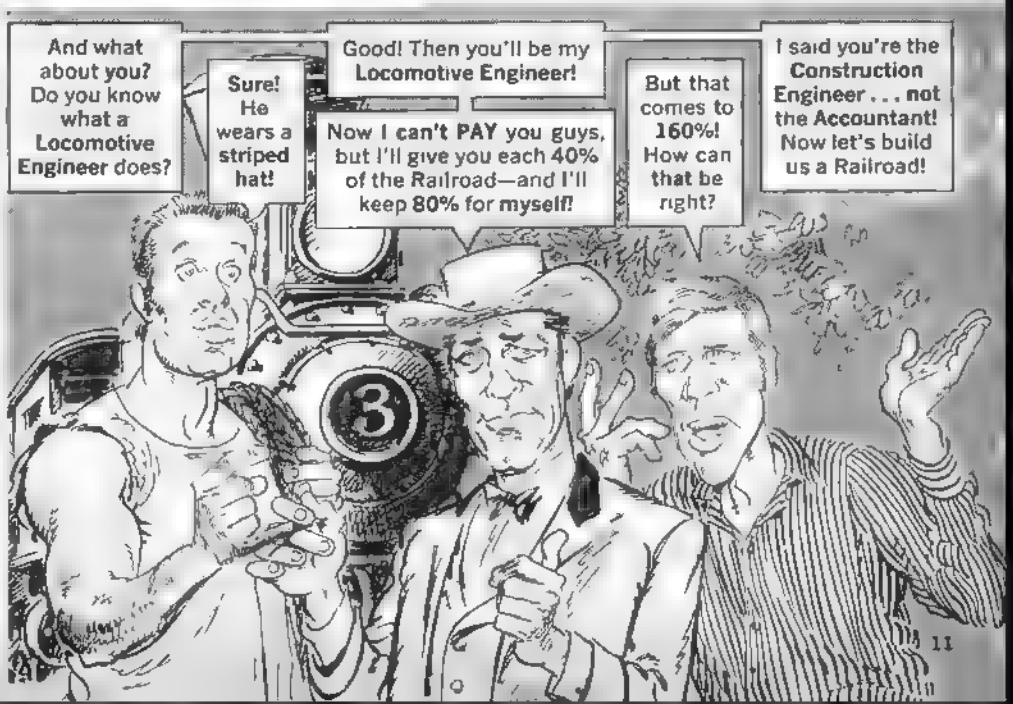
AND ANOTHER ENGINE BITES THE DUST DEPT.

Have you ever played "Monopoly" and won "a ride on the Reading Railroad"? Well, now it's time to play "Monotony," because you've just won MAD's "ride" on that weekly Television series about a Railroad . . . the one called:

THE IRON HORSELAFF

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





If that Railroad goes through, do you know what it will mean to the "OVER-THE-LAND & THROUGH-THE-WOODS STAGE COACH COMPANY?"

Yeah! People will take the train when it's "To Grandma's House they go"!

Exactly! But suppos'n a few miles of their track and a couple of their locomotives and one or two of their bridges were dynamited . . . ?

Gee, do you think that's fair to be so mischievous? I mean it's not even Halloween!

Why not? We didn't do anything last year except burn down a Hospital!

STAGE

ACT I 30 MIN
SCENE I 30 MIN
SCENE II 30 MIN
ACT II 50 MIN

How do you like it, Mr. Baboon?

Nice try, Tyrant —but that's not what I had in mind when I said the Railroad should tie the two Coasts together!

Ben, we've run our tracks across Gorgeous Gorge, through Rudy Valley and up Fanny Hill! Now we're stymied! That's all the property we own, and the widow Parsons refuses to give us the rights to her land!

Don't worry! I'll take care of the old bat! Where is she?

I'm right here!

M-my goodness! You're a YOUNG bat! Er—Ma'am, we need the rights to your property!

Well, you can't have them, Baboon!

Shucks, Ma'am, you don't have to call me by my last name!!

What last name? You're a "Baboon" if you think you're going to run a wood-burning, smoke-belching, ember-throwing train through my living room!

Gee, Ma'am, if you don't want us to run it through your living room, we'll run it through your kitchen!

No! My answer is still NO!

And only BETWEEN meals!

Absolutely, positively N O ! !

I'll give you $5000 for the rights!

NO! NO! NO! NO!

Then will you do it for this—?

UM-HUM! Oh, yes—yes—yes—

Okay, boys! Continue laying those tracks!

Boy, that Baboon sure has a way with women!

Mr. Baboon, can you carry **500 head of cattle** from here to Deadrock!

No, I've got a slight **hernia**—but I'm sure my **Railroad** can! Where are the cattle?

Right there in your office . .

PHEW!! Are you sure there are only **500 head of cattle** in there?

You've got a **good nose**, Baboon! Actually, there are **501** head in there! Now, how much will it cost?

First Class or **Coach?**

Group Rate . . . and I want them delivered by **Sunday morning!**

Group Rates **don't** apply on Sundays! I can deliver them on **Monday** for **$1000!**

RAILROAD OFFICE

Okay, but will you guarantee to pay me a **fine of $200** for **every day** the cattle are late past Monday!

Sure! I can't see any **reason** for them to be late! This is **a brand new Railroad —only one month old!**

Well, that calls for **a celebration . . .**

Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday, dear Railroad . . . Happy Birthday to you!

TNT

Hey, what are you trying to **pull!?** I **saw** the letters "T.N.T." on that Birthday Candle . . .

Of course! I had them **engraved** for the occasion! It stands for **"The New Trains"!**

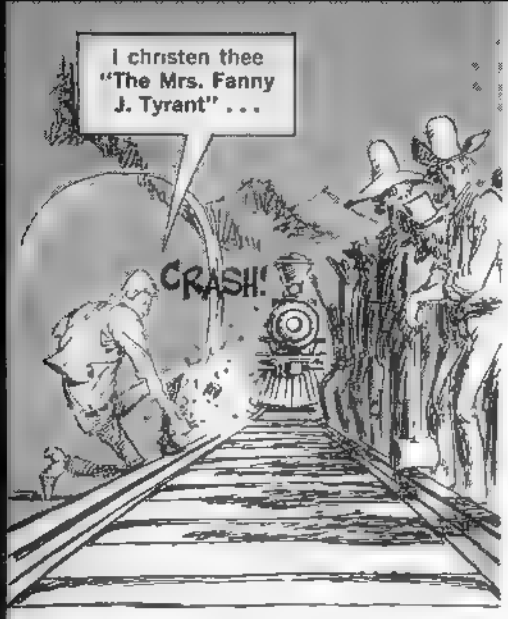
Oh! **That** makes sense! Okay, we'll **still** deliver your cattle by Monday!

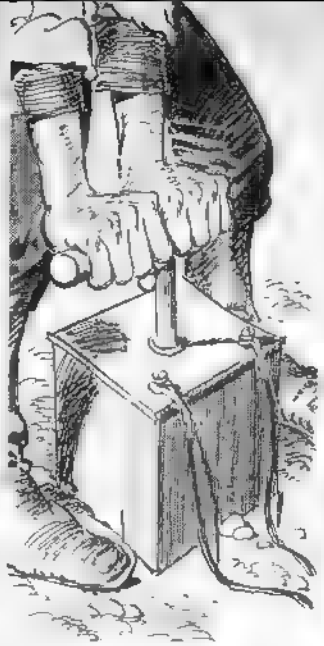
Or you'll pay the **fines** as agreed?

Right! My **word** is my **bond!** It may take you **ten years** to get the **money**, but that's how **bonds are!**

I hope you don't mind, Ben, but I'd like to christen this bridge **"The Mrs. Fanny J. Tyrant"** after **my wife!**

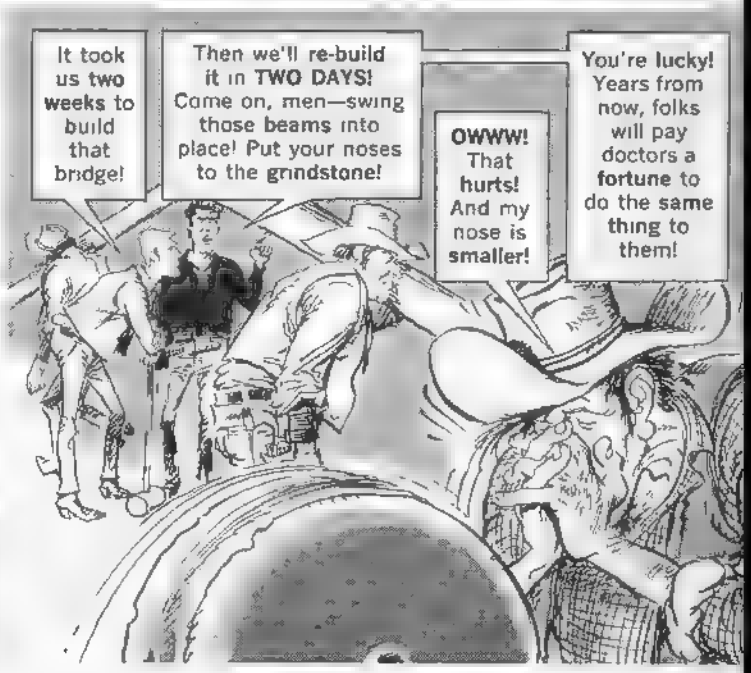
I don't mind at all! As a matter of fact, the bridge is **BUILT BETTER** than your wife!

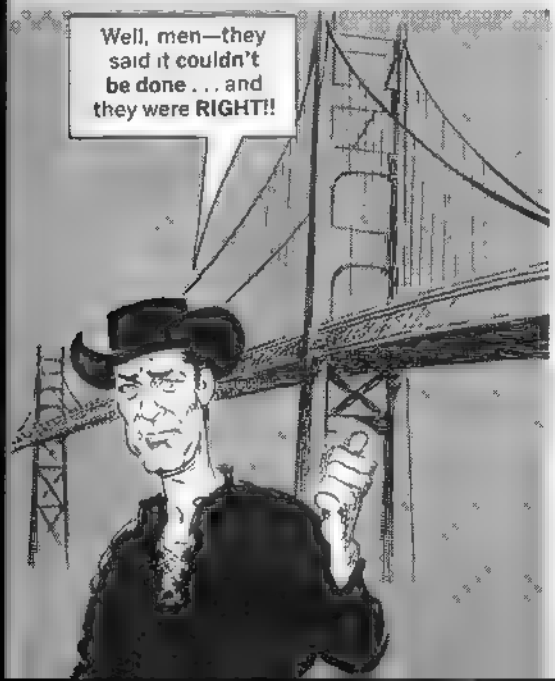

I christen thee "The Mrs. Fanny J. Tyrant" . . .
CRASH!

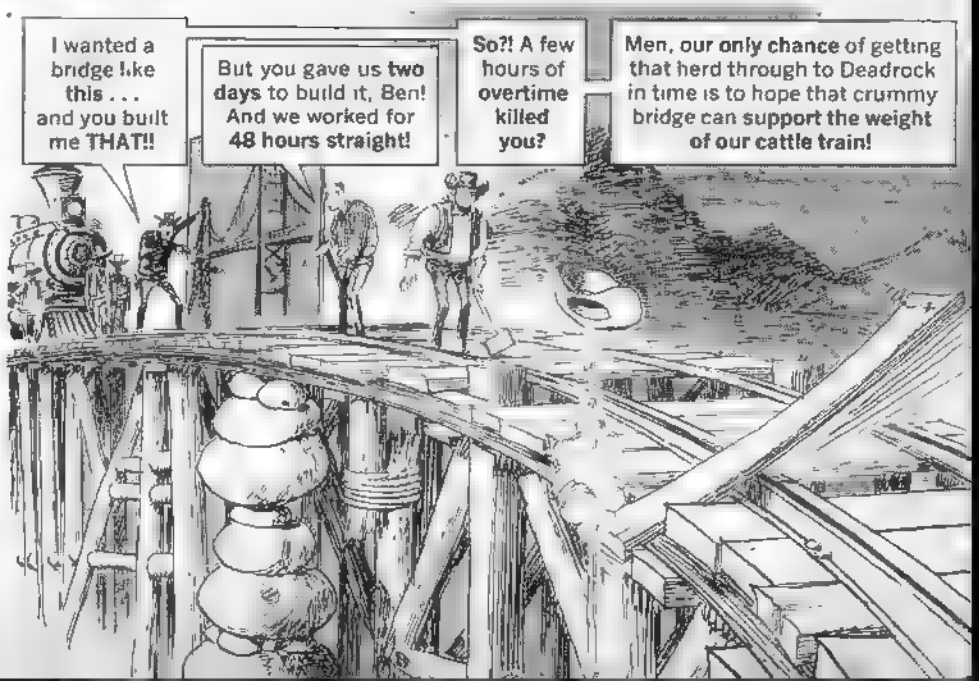


Tyrant, I suggest you divorce that rotten wife of yours!

What are we going to do now, Ben? Without the bridge, we can't bring the cattle to Deadrock!
Then we'll bring Deadrock to the cattle!
Bring Deadrock to the ca— That's ridiculous!
I know! But didn't you think I was a genius for one split second? C'mon, admit it! I fooled you, didn't I—for a moment?
E EXP


It took us two weeks to build that bridge!
Then we'll re-build it in TWO DAYS! Come on, men—swing those beams into place! Put your noses to the grindstone!
OWWW! That hurts! And my nose is smaller!
You're lucky! Years from now, folks will pay doctors a fortune to do the same thing to them!


Well, men—they said it couldn't be done . . . and they were RIGHT!!


I wanted a bridge like this . . . and you built me THAT!!
But you gave us two days to build it, Ben! And we worked for 48 hours straight!
So?! A few hours of overtime killed you?
Men, our only chance of getting that herd through to Deadrock in time is to hope that crummy bridge can support the weight of our cattle train!

I'll take a chance on the bridge, Ben!

I'll take a chance, too, Ben!

What do you think this is—a raffle? Listen, you both have families, and I have none! And since this may mean life or death, I can only do what my conscience tells me! YOU TWO GO!!

Besides, being single, I can have a lot more fun alive than you guys can!

But on the other hand—

Don't thank me! Just get going before you do something foolish—like changing your minds!

CRUNCH SNAP CRACKLE POP

The bridge is giving way!!

No, someone's eating "Rice Krispies" in the caboose!!

They've made it! They've made it across!

Well, men, Deadrock is only one hundred miles from here so it looks like we'll have no trouble delivering that cattle by Monday . . .

Except that we've got no more track! And it'll take weeks to deliver more! You know how busy Lionel is at Christmas time!

What do you mean, we've got no more track! Look back there! We've got miles of track!

But we just laid that track!

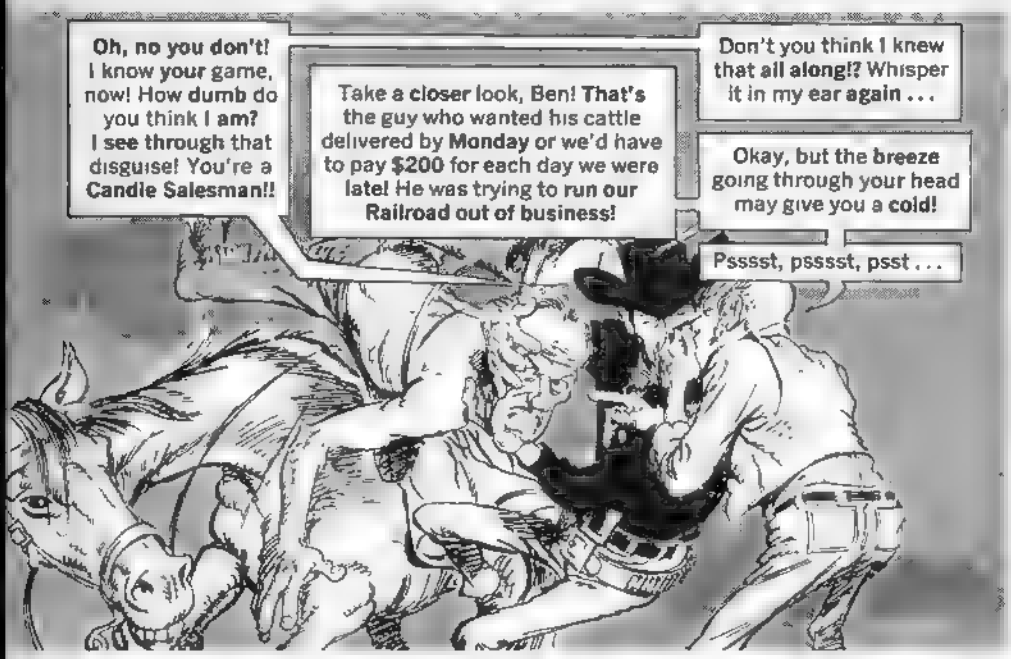
Behind the train?! You men don't think! Tear it up and lay it in FRONT of the train!

You see how if you just think for a moment, you have no REAL problems—

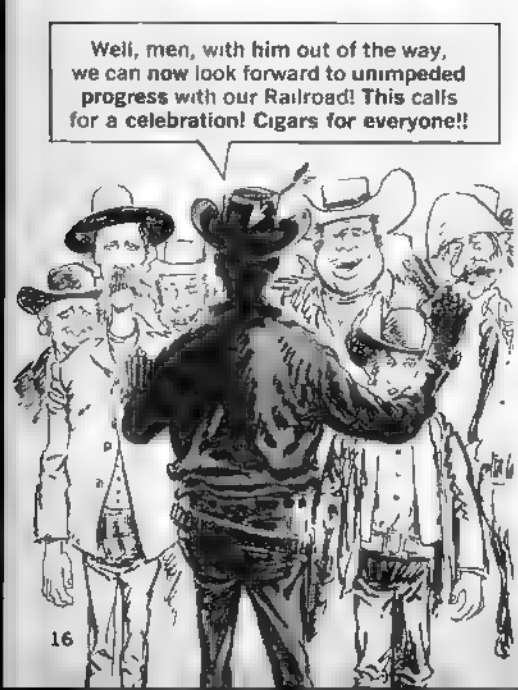
However . . . on second thought . . .

FFT!!

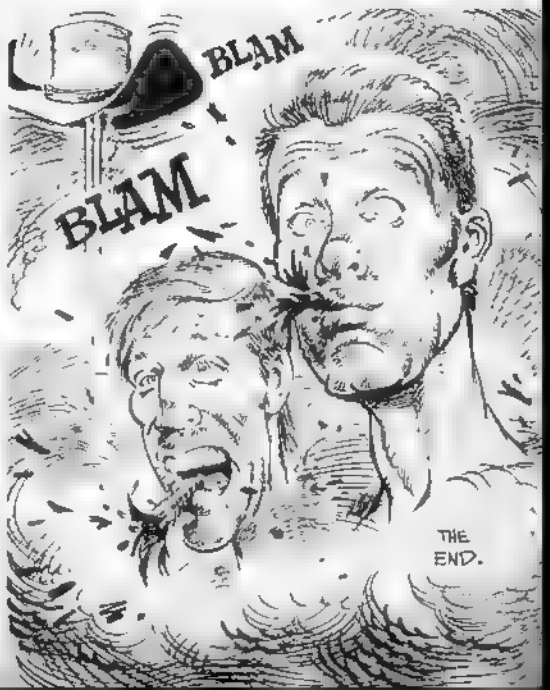
White Man not welcome here! Take your cotton-pickin' Iron Horselaff and BLOW!
Wait! That voice is familiar! Are you Tonto?
No, but the Masked One taught me how to speak your language!
Oh, then you DO know "The Lone Ranger"—
No! I know "Batman"!
Well, the Iron Horselaff is here to stay— and so are the trains! This is a young industry!
That so? How young?
About five weeks old!
Really? That calls for a celebration!


Oh, no you don't! I know your game, now! How dumb do you think I am? I see through that disguise! You're a Candle Salesman!!
Take a closer look, Ben! That's the guy who wanted his cattle delivered by Monday or we'd have to pay $200 for each day we were late! He was trying to run our Railroad out of business!
Don't you think I knew that all along!? Whisper it in my ear again . . .
Okay, but the breeze going through your head may give you a cold!
Psssst, psssst, psst . . .

Why that dirty $%#&@¢*! There's only one way to settle this! With guns . . .
But I don't have a gun!
I know! That's why I suggested it . . .
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

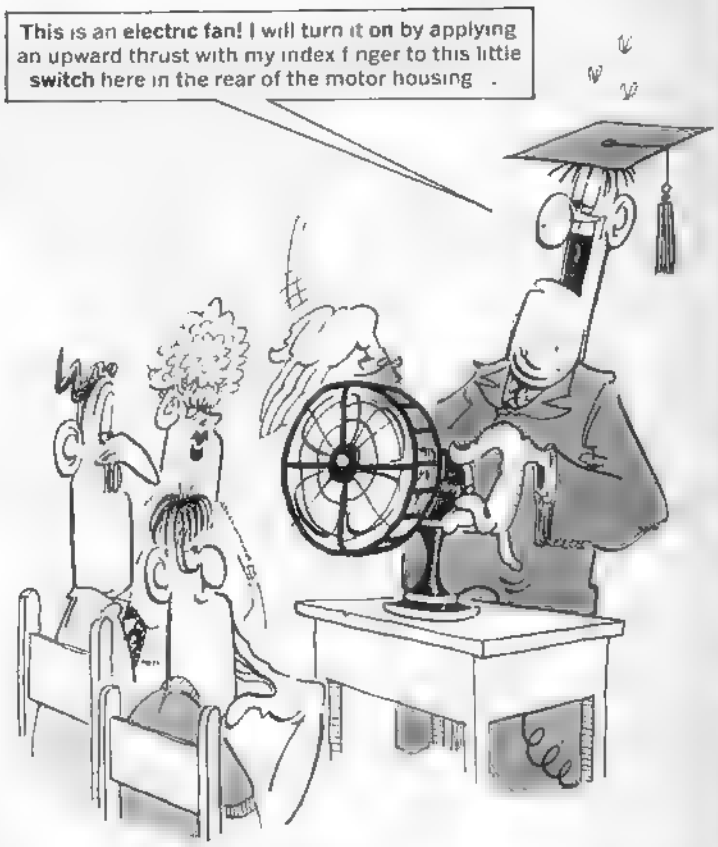

Well, men, with him out of the way, we can now look forward to unimpeded progress with our Railroad! This calls for a celebration! Cigars for everyone!!

Light . . . ?


BLAM
BLAM
THE END.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

At The Academy Of Electric Fan Repair

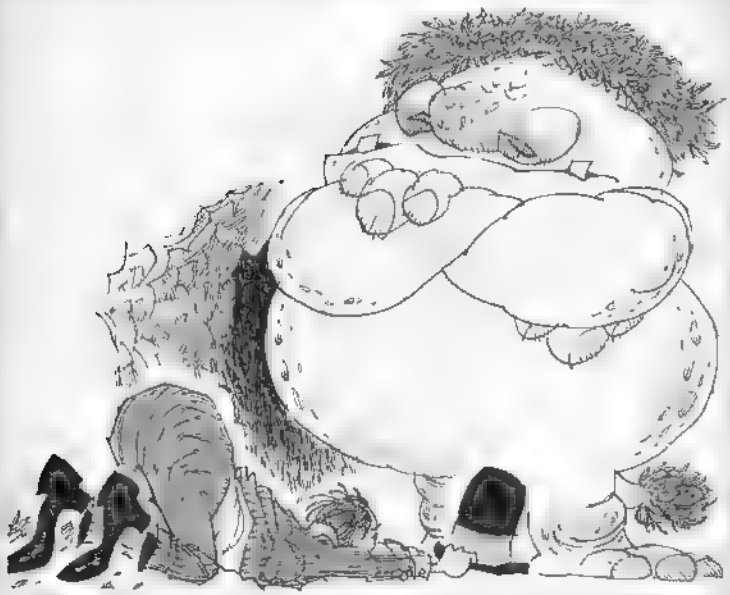


SPOOKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

Hey, gang! It's time once again for MAD'S new game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you come up with a new-type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITERS: PHIL HAHN, GEORGE WOODBRIDGE & MAY SAKAMI



Bowing To The INEVITABLE

Fighting A MONSTROUS INJUSTICE

Picking The Lesser Of TWO EVILS

Heaving A SIGH

Taking A CALCULATED RISK

Protecting A SLIM LEAD

Unearthing A FOUL PLOT

Whipping Up A FRENZY

Stifling A YAWN

Ignoring A SNIDE REMARK

FROM THE SUB-RHYME TO THE RIDICULOUS DEPT.

Parents and teachers are forever screaming about what kids are reading today. They say that children are exposed to too much "trash" such as Comic Books and Horror Stories and MAD! But for some strange reason, they never point their fingers at the worst Children's Literature of all—"Mother Goose." Just pick up any collection of Nursery Rhymes and you will quickly see how horribly written, badly rhymed and poorly metered they are. The whole trouble with Nursery Rhymes is that the folks who wrote them were "amateurs"! Obviously, the "professional touch" was sorely needed. So let's take a look at what we'd have....

IF FAMOUS POETS HAD WRITTEN "MOTHER GOOSE"

If **RUDYARD KIPLING** had written

JACK AND JILL

You can talk of blood 'n gore
When you're in a shootin' war
And the enemy is chargin' for the kill
But if you're likin' slaughter
Then you oughta haul some water
Like that brave and fearless couple, Jack and Jill.

Well, they had a pail to fill
When they climbed that craggy hill
And they never thought that soon they
would be dead;
But Jack he took a fall
And he bounced just like a ball
Till he landed in a gulley on his head.

He hollered, "Jill, Jill, Jill!
I'm a-lyin' at the bottom of the hill!"
But poor Jill had plunged as well,
And they died right where they fell.
You've a lot more guts than I have, Jack and Jill.

If **OGDEN NASH** had written

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

I've often wondered whether we
Should allow an old woman to raise a lot of children in a shoe under conditions which can only be described as leathery.

 ARTIST: JACK RICKARD • WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

If **HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW** had written

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

By the house of Mother Hubbard,
Near the fabled Pumpkin Eater,
Sat the hungry one, Miss Muffet,
On her tuffet sat Miss Muffet,
Eating curds and whey for supper;
(She was tired of eating chicken
And could not afford a pot-roast.)
But behind her loomed a creature,
Not the cat who plays the fiddle,
Not the three blind mice a-running,
Not the sheep Bo Peep lost track of,
But a single icky spider
Who sat down beside Miss Muffet,
Though he had no invitation.

"Eek! A spider!" cried Miss Muffet,
When she saw the icky spider,
And she jumped up from the tuffet
And ran down the dirt road screaming
Past the house of Mother Hubbard,
Past the fabled Pumpkin Eater,
Never ever looking backward
At the single icky spider
Who remained there on the tuffet
Where the curds and whey were sitting,
And who tasted them, despised them,
Found them lacking in nutrition,
Then departed from the tuffet
While the curds and whey just sat there,
Turning sour in the sunshine,
Smelling awful in the sunshine,
Looking ecchy in the sunshine,
While the neighbors held their noses,
And I really am not certain
That this poem is an improvement.

If **EDGAR ALLAN POE** had written

OLD KING COLE

Hear the call of Old King Cole—
Old King Cole!
What a frantic, fearful craving fills his morbid soul!
Hear him moaning, moaning, moaning
For his pipe and for his bowl,
Like the dreaded, deadly groaning
Of some ghoul that is intoning
From its ghostly, graveyard hole!
Hear him plea, plea, plea
As he calls his fiddlers three!
Ah, what horrifying hunger fills the terror-troubled soul
Of King Cole, Cole, Cole, Cole,
Cole, Cole, Cole—
Of the bleak and blackened soul of Old King Cole!

If **WALT WHITMAN** had written

HUMPTY DUMPTY

O Humpty! O Dumpty! You've had a fearful spill,
You've tumbled from the stony height,
you're lying cold and still;
Your shell is cracked, your yolk runs out,
your breath is faint and wheezy;
You landed as a scrambled egg, instead of over easy;
The king has sent his steeds and men
To mend you if they can;
I pray that they did not forget
To bring a frying pan.

If **ROBERT W. SERVICE** had written

LITTLE BOY BLUE

A bunch of the cows were mooing it up
in the cornfield, so they tell;
And down in the meadow a big flock of sheep
were raising a bit of hell;
There wasn't a way on that God-awful day
of stopping that crop-wrecking crew—
'Cause under a haystack, flopped out on his back,
lay that gold-bricking Little Boy Blue!

The folks from the farm, they all cried with alarm
on that sad but sunny morn;
Each one of them knew he could save all their crops
if he'd only blow his horn;
But none of them dared or especially cared
to waken him from his snooze,
'Cause Little Boy Blue was as drunk as a skunk
from a bottle of two-dollar booze!

If **JOYCE KILMER** had written

JACK SPRAT

I think that I have never seen
A platter that was licked so clean
As that one licked with fork and knife
By Jack Sprat and his hungry wife;
Betwixt the two, they've made a deal
That puts an end to beef and veal;
Lean is shunned by Mrs. Sprat,
But only Jack can eat no fat.

If **WILLIAM BLAKE** had written

LITTLE JACK HORNER

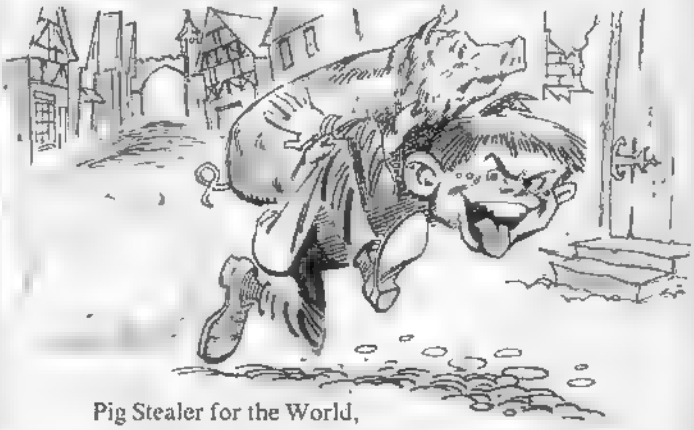
Horner! Horner, on the sly,
In thy corner, eating pie!
What immortal, gastric force
Makes thee hungry as a horse?

Horner! Horner, greedy bum,
Sticking in thy grimy thumb!
What cheap, greasy luncheonette
Taught thee such bad etiquette?

Horner! Horner, full of crumbs,
Always eating pies with plums!
Why not pumpkin, peach or mince—
Or, better still, a cherry blintz?

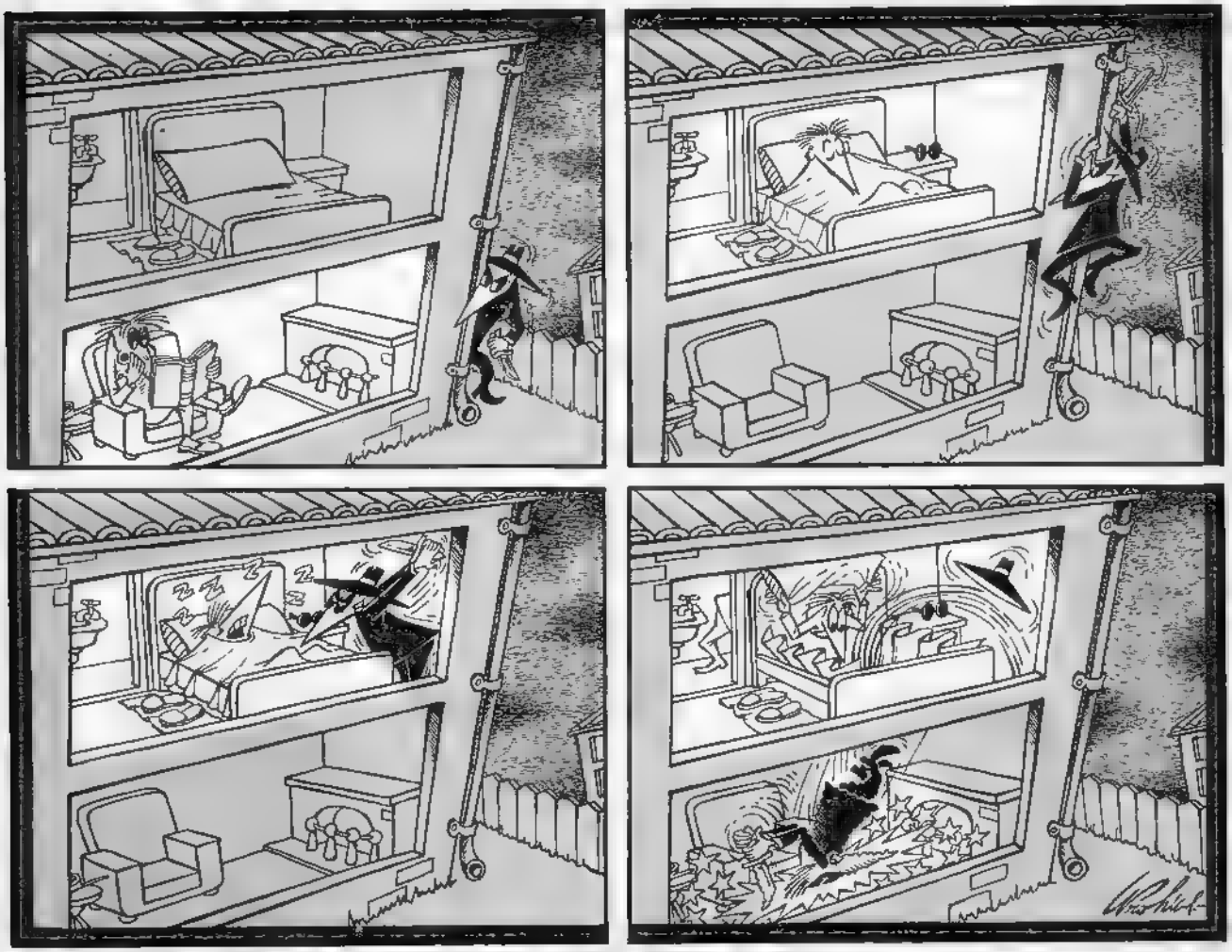
If **CARL SANDBURG** had written

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON



Pig Stealer for the World,
Law Breaker, Snatcher of Hogs,
Son of a Piper and the Nation's Swine Handler;
Sneaky, rotten, under-age,
Big Shot of the Pork Grabbers:
They tell me you are wicked, and I believe them,
for I have seen you seize a pig and go
running down the street.
And they tell me you are crooked, and I answer:
Yes, I have seen you eat a pig and then
go free to eat again.
And having answered, I have to ask myself:
Why do I waste my time writing a poem
glorifying a Pig Stealer, Law Breaker,
Snatcher of Hogs, Son of a Piper, and
the Swine Handler of the Nation?

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I



SELECTIVE WIRE-SERVICE DEPT.

One thing is certain: Pick up your daily paper and somebody has something to say about Vietnam. Unfortunately, there are so many points of view that it's nearly impossible to make any sense out of any of them. But don't despair! You can now

MAD'S ALL-INCLUSI

1	2
President Johnson	North Vietnam
Ho Chi Minh	President Johnson
Senator Fulbright	the Viet Cong
Premier Ky	the United States
Robert Kennedy	the Green Berets
Mao tse-Tung	Premier Ky
Senator Dirksen	Saigon B-girls
Robert MacNamara	free elections
Cardinal Spellman	George Hamilton
Richard Nixon	Madame Nhu
U Thant	Bob Hope
Frank Sinatra	Buddhist Monks

VIET
NEWSPAP

..... (1) ..... declared t
must ..... (3) .....
Speaking ..... (4) ....., he said that there could be absolutely no ..... (5) ..... until ..... (6) ..... put an end to ..... (7) .....

5	6	7	8
peace talks	the Viet Cong	the bombing	ambush
furloughs	the Administration	his war-mongering	committee hearing
victory	Ho Chi Minh	their infiltration	mortar attack
further escalation	the Russians	talking	heavy rains
draft cut	the Buddhists	Soviet aid	debate
hope	the Air Force	their protests	sit-in
tourists	campus demonstrators	the Viet Cong	stalemate
budget slash	Premier Ky	subversion	air strike
cultural exchange program	village leaders	corruption	riot
new Saigon government	Moscow	his vacation	shake-up
law and order	the Red Chinese	venereal disease	bad news
tax reductions	Lynda Bird Johnson	self-immolation	drunken brawl

throw away your daily paper because MAD hereby presents one single news story to take the place of the hundreds you've been wading through. Simply fill in the numbered blanks from the corresponding numbered lists, and you'll be enjoying . . .

VE DO-IT-YOURSELF

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

NAM
ER STORY

oday that .. .. (2) .....,
. in Vietnam.

The statement followed yesterday's
. . . . (8) . . . . in . . . . . (9) . . . . . .
in which . . . . . (10) . . . . . were
. . . . . (11) . . . . . It was
. . . . . (12) . . . . . in almost a month.

3

end the conflict
be destroyed
stop the bombing
renew the offensive
serve
keep the peace
be allowed
honor its commitments
behave
stop their hustling
be replaced
cease demonstrations

4

at a news conference
for three hours
at a Red Guard rally
at the L.B.J. ranch
grimly
from a bomb shelter
at a G.O.P. dinner
to a jeering crowd
off the cuff
to his wife
in his sleep
almost incoherently

9

Hanoi
Washington
Saigon
Berkeley
the Iron Triangle
the Mekong Delta
the Security Council
the State Department
Haiphong Harbor
the Senate
Toots Shor's
Disneyland

10

three villages
four barges
400 Viet Cong
six Marines
peace feelers
most delegates
screaming demonstrators
seven officials
Saigon bars
40 B-52 bombers
three draft-dodgers
six G.O.P. Senators

11

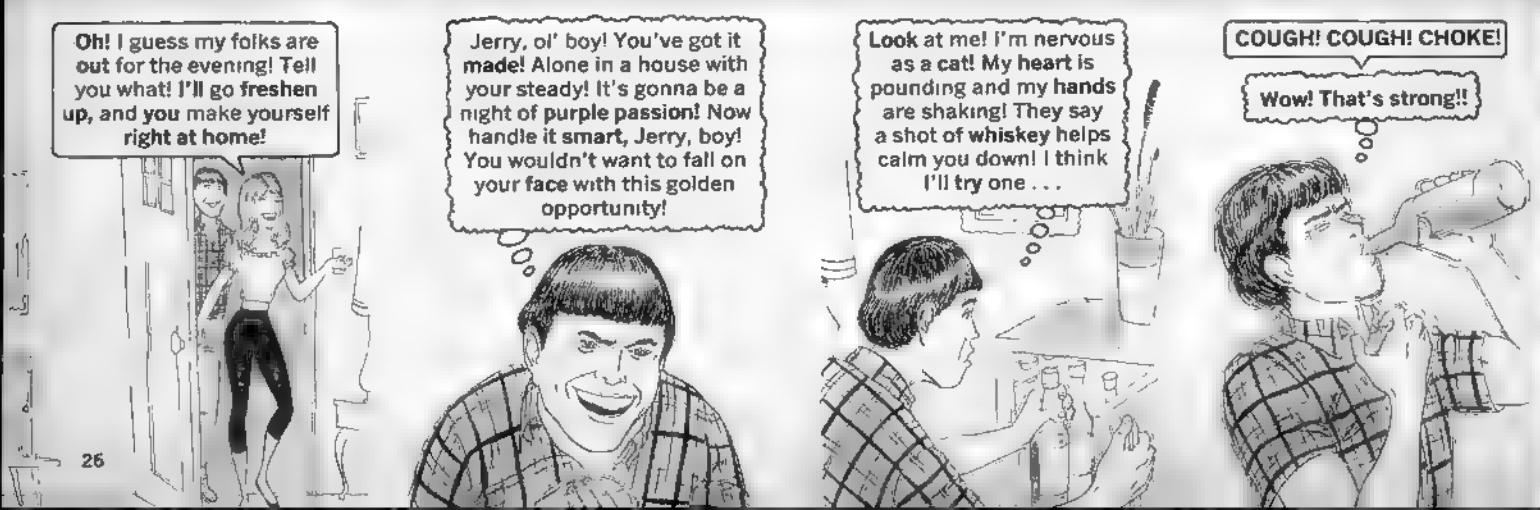
overrun
destroyed
sunk
flooded
declared obsolete
put off-limits
fired
sent into action
bored
taken prisoner
outvoted
thrown into jail

12

the heaviest raid
the biggest Red loss
the worst fighting
the bloodiest riot
his 23rd comment
the fifth downpour
the 14th peace glimmer
their strongest penetration
the worst scandal
the bitterest debate
the most insignificant event
the first sunny day

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



GOING STEADY

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

Mom, what would you say if somebody asked me to go steady?

Who is he?

I didn't say there was a boy! I only—

Answer me! Who is he?

NOBODY!

All right! Who is this NOBODY?

He's NOT a nobody!

Ah-ha! So who is this SOMEBODY?

Wanna go steady with me?

Are you kidding?! You're too young for me!

I am not! I'm practically full grown! In fact, I'm almost ready for marriage!

Just yesterday, my Mother let me take out the garbage!

How can two punk kids like you go steady? You don't even know what life and love are all about!

Children of today are much better informed than when you were a child. Things like television and improved education methods have accelerated us beyond our chronological years!

We are no longer bound by your generation's narrow-minded and conventional standards of moral behavior. We of our generation are non-conformists and free-thinking individualists!

That s a lot of smart talk, but you still haven't told me WHY you're going steady?

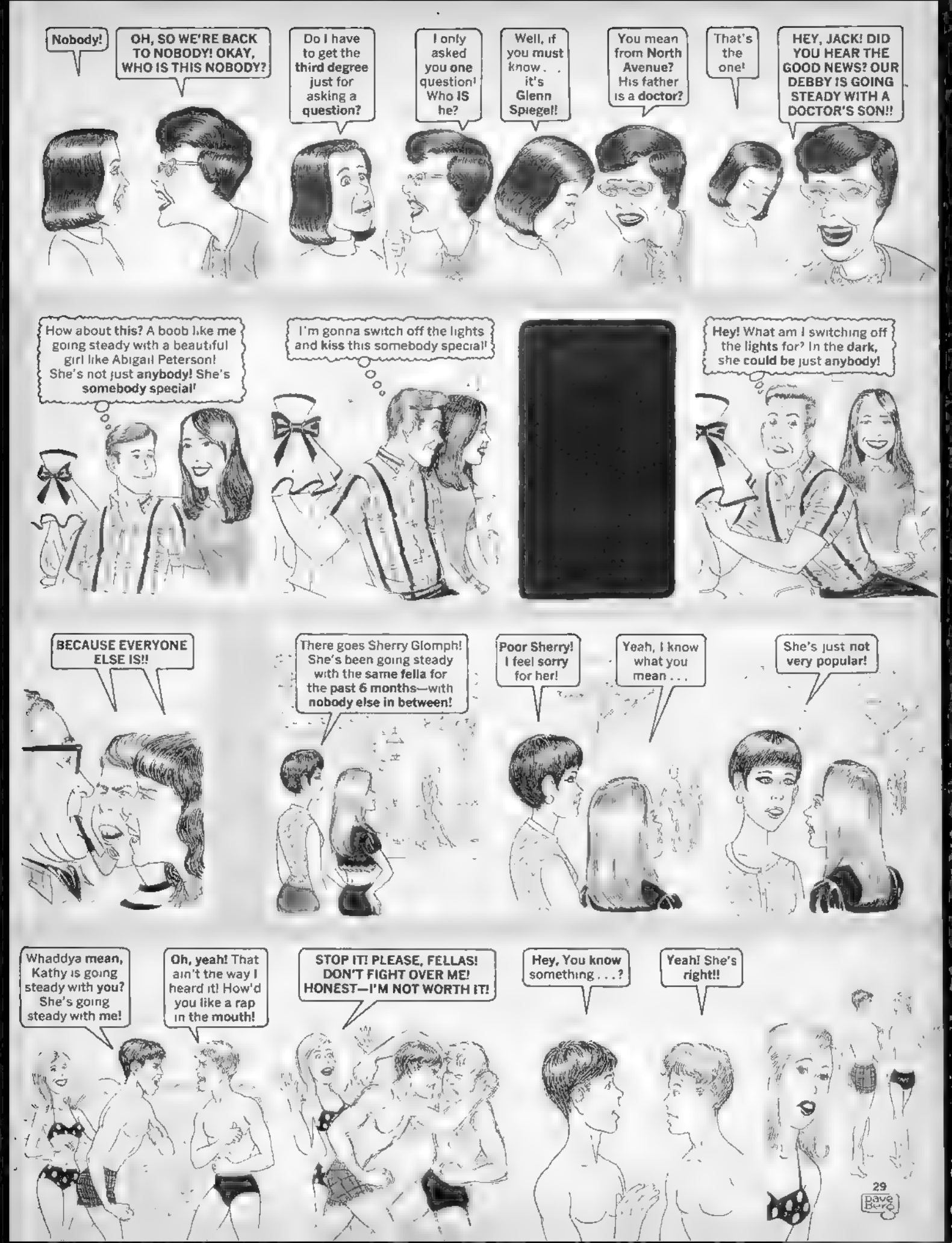
My parents just told me I've got to go away to camp for the whole Summer!

Gee! That means we'll be separated all that time!

Yeah! But that won't affect our going steady, will it? You once said you'd wait for me forever . . .

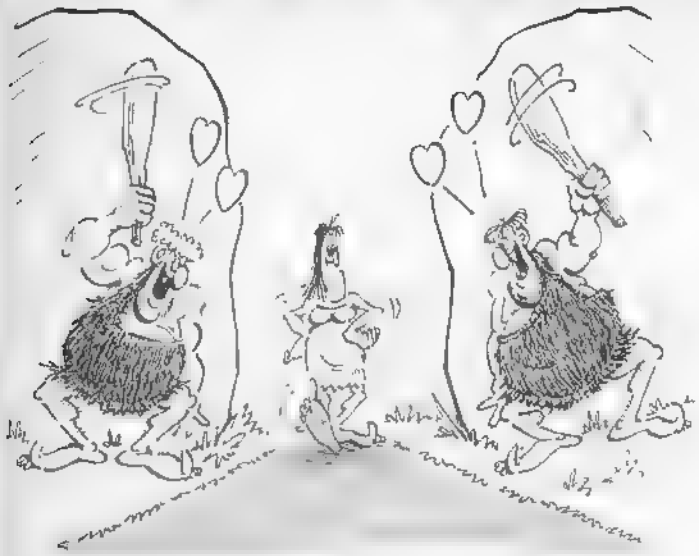
Sure, I'd wait for you forever if necessary . . .

But TWO MONTHS!! That's much too long!


Nobody!
OH, SO WE'RE BACK TO NOBODY! OKAY, WHO IS THIS NOBODY?
Do I have to get the third degree just for asking a question?
I only asked you one question! Who IS he?
Well, if you must know . . . it's Glenn Spiegel!
You mean from North Avenue? His father is a doctor?
That's the one!
HEY, JACK! DID YOU HEAR THE GOOD NEWS? OUR DEBBY IS GOING STEADY WITH A DOCTOR'S SON!!
How about this? A boob like me going steady with a beautiful girl like Abigail Peterson! She's not just anybody! She's somebody special!
I'm gonna switch off the lights and kiss this somebody special!
Hey! What am I switching off the lights for? In the dark, she could be just anybody!
BECAUSE EVERYONE ELSE IS!!
There goes Sherry Glomph! She's been going steady with the same fella for the past 6 months—with nobody else in between!
Poor Sherry! I feel sorry for her!
Yeah, I know what you mean . . .
She's just not very popular!
Whaddya mean, Kathy is going steady with you? She's going steady with me!
Oh, yeah! That ain't the way I heard it! How'd you like a rap in the mouth!
STOP IT! PLEASE, FELLAS! DON'T FIGHT OVER ME! HONEST—I'M NOT WORTH IT!
Hey, You know something . . . ?
Yeah! She's right!!
29
Dave Berg

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

IN CAVEMAN DAYS



If you've ever looked over a newsstand, you've seen the stacks of raw guts-type men's magazines which feature stories about wrestling hippos in Africa, swimming in shark-infested waters off Borneo, and killing headhunters on the Upper Amazon. Well, we don't know about you, but somehow we can't seem to identify with the people who do these things. And we've never gone to the places they go to. In fact, we never go anyplace. Which brings us to this article: How about a gutsy-type adventure magazine for average clods like us, dealing with more realistic, common life situations? Something like

"I TORE A HORSEFLY APART WITH MY BARE HANDS!" Pg. 29

EVERYDAY GUTS

He-Man Adventures Of People Who Don't Get To Do Much More Than Hang Around

APRIL '67 50 CENTS

INCREDIBLE COURAGE IN NEW YORK CITY!

"I Opened My Apartment Window—And Inhaled!"

A TERRIFYING TRIP INTO THE BASEMENT OF DEATH!

"The Day Gloria Furman Went Looking For Her 'Super' . . . Alone!"

THIRTY MINUTES OF UNBEARABLE TORTURE!

"I Watched 'Gilligan's Island' From Beginning To End . . . Including The Commercials!!"

A TALE OF BRAVERY AND SHEER NERVE:

"The Night George Dickson Phoned His Doctor And Asked Him To Make A 'House Call'!"

AN UNFORGETTABLE NIGHT OF HORROR!

"I Visited A Teen-Age Discothèque—And Lived!"

TERROR IN THE WILDS OF PHILADELPHIA:

"I stood by, Helpless, While My Husband Bent, Folded, Spindled And Mutilated An I.B.M. Card!"

THIS MONTH'S BLOOD-CURDLING FEATURE ADVENTURE

"My Twenty Bone-Chilling Minutes With Cabbie Ed Mulvaney —The High Priest Of Utter Boredom!" by Susan Barnes

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

I Penetrated The Stench-Filled Dog Jungle Of East 80th Street!

by Greg Moxie

I had to find out if I was really a coward, even if it meant instant disaster to my trusty Thom McAn cordovans!

IT WAS A HOT, HUMID Summer morning as I stepped gingerly out of my apartment building. My doorman looked at me in that semi-crazed way of one who senses impending doom.

"You're not going out there?!" he shouted in disbelief, grabbing me by the collar.

"Yes, I am," I snapped firmly. "I'm determined to pick up a newspaper from the newsstand at the corner!"

"Why?" he cried. "WHY?"

"Because it's there!", I answered simply.

"B-but do you realize what's ahead of you, man?" he implored, his eyes rolling wildly in his head. "One hundred and twenty-seven dogs on this block alone! And not one of them has been curbed!"

"I know," I whispered with determination, "but I'm going out there anyway!"

"You fool!", he screamed. "Nobody has ever made it to the corner—*clean!* Think of the odds against you!"

"The way I look at it," I said fatalistically, "if your number is up, your shoe's going to get it no matter *where* you walk!"

"I won't let you go," he blurted, clutching my sleeve and pointing to my freshly-shined cordovans. "It's madness! Let me go for you! I've got much less at stake! I'm wearing old sneakers!"

I broke away and plunged boldly into the stench-filled dog jungle. A hellish sight greeted my eyes. In staggering mounds as far as I could see was the dirty work of Spaniels, Chihuahuas and Lord only knows how many French Poodles.

Cautiously, I picked my way through the deadly obstacle course, my throat parched from fear. Fourteen feet—twenty feet—half a block—it was a torturous journey. Once, I almost slipped, narrowly escaping a gigantic Great Dane spread that covered three sidewalk squares alone. For a fleeting second, my whole life passed before my eyes. But I regained my footing and continued onward.

Suddenly I heard a blood-curdling scream. A well-dressed man on the trail ahead had made a wrong step. He rushed to the curb and scraped violently, knowing full well that he would never be *clean* again. I turned away, controlling my nausea. "Poor devil" I muttered, and pushed on.

Step by step, I progressed, the newsstand on the corner looming larger and larger and larger. My chest began to tighten with anticipation. Would I make it? *Could* I make it? Closer and closer I moved. And then, with one final giant step, I was there! The newsdealer rushed up to me and we embraced, too emotional to speak.

"Mr. Liverstein, I presume!" I said historically.

"You did it!" he cried. "You did it! You're the first human being to come down East 80th Street —*clean!* Do you realize what you've done? You've successfully penetrated the most treacherous dog jungle known to man!"

Suddenly, a sickening feeling gripped me in the pit of my stomach. Instinctively, I reached upward, covering my head. But it was too late. My triumph was a hollow one.

A pigeon had gotten me!

I flaunted all of the laws of nature to satisfy a wild, perverse urge, as

I PLUNGED INTO THE WATERS OF CERTAIN DEATH!

by Jimmy Hootspar

MY MOTHER'S BLOOD-CURDLING scream shattered the hot Summer air. But it didn't stop me. I'd made up my mind . . . regardless of the grim consequences.

Tenaciously, my Father gripped my leg, holding on for dear life . . . MY dear life. But I ignored him, dragging him along the sand until I finally broke free.

I left him there, on the shore, sobbing . . . a pitiful shell of his former self . . . and I dove into the icy waters!

And believe it or not, I fooled them all! Yes, I *went swimming right after eating a heavy meal—and* LIVED!!

And what a meal it had been. Frankfurters, buried in sauerkraut . . . pickles and mustard and relish . . . and a Bottle of Dr. Celray's Pepper Tonic. I'd really made a pig of myself

I'd made a stupid mistake—and before I could escape, I would have to suffer through an ordeal of unbelievable torture and degradation . . .

Trapped In A Bus Of Horror!

by Mel Gall

THE SUDDEN REALIZATION came to me as the door slammed behind me. I was trapped! There was no place to run . . . no place to hide! The sullen bus driver dropped his heavy foot on the gas pedal, and the vehicle roared off into the night. Licking his cruel lips, he motioned to me to come forward.

A wave of fear engulfed me. I knew full well what was in store for me, but I would have to endure it. I would have to suffer the pain and the anguish and the insulting degradation. What else could I do? A five dollar bill was the smallest I had, and I had stupidly boarded the bus without thinking of the unspeakable consequences.

Even as I stepped through the doorway, I knew I was at the mercy of...

The Little She-Devils In The House Of Desire!

by MIKE GRIM

THEY SAY THAT WITHIN THE HEARTS of all of us, there is a "Death Wish"! But I never knew that one burned within *me* until that memorable day last October when I returned home to the two little "She-Devils" I'd weaned since infancy.

As they thundered toward me, shrieking, I knew that I would have to stand my ground, regardless of the consequences. And the cold, irreversible fact remained: I was caught empty-handed!

True, I had only gone out with the garbage. But the law of the middle class jungle is quite clear: Whenever you return from *any* trip, *you must bring presents!*

Yet there I was, with nothing to offer these screaming, kicking, biting, [illegible]

HE CAME TOWARD ME, HIS EYES BLAZING WITH CONTEMPT. BUT THIS TIME, I'D DECIDED TO STAND UP TO HIM... AND IT WAS EITHER HIM — OR ME!

I faced 200 pounds of surly antagonism

by HANK GRITT

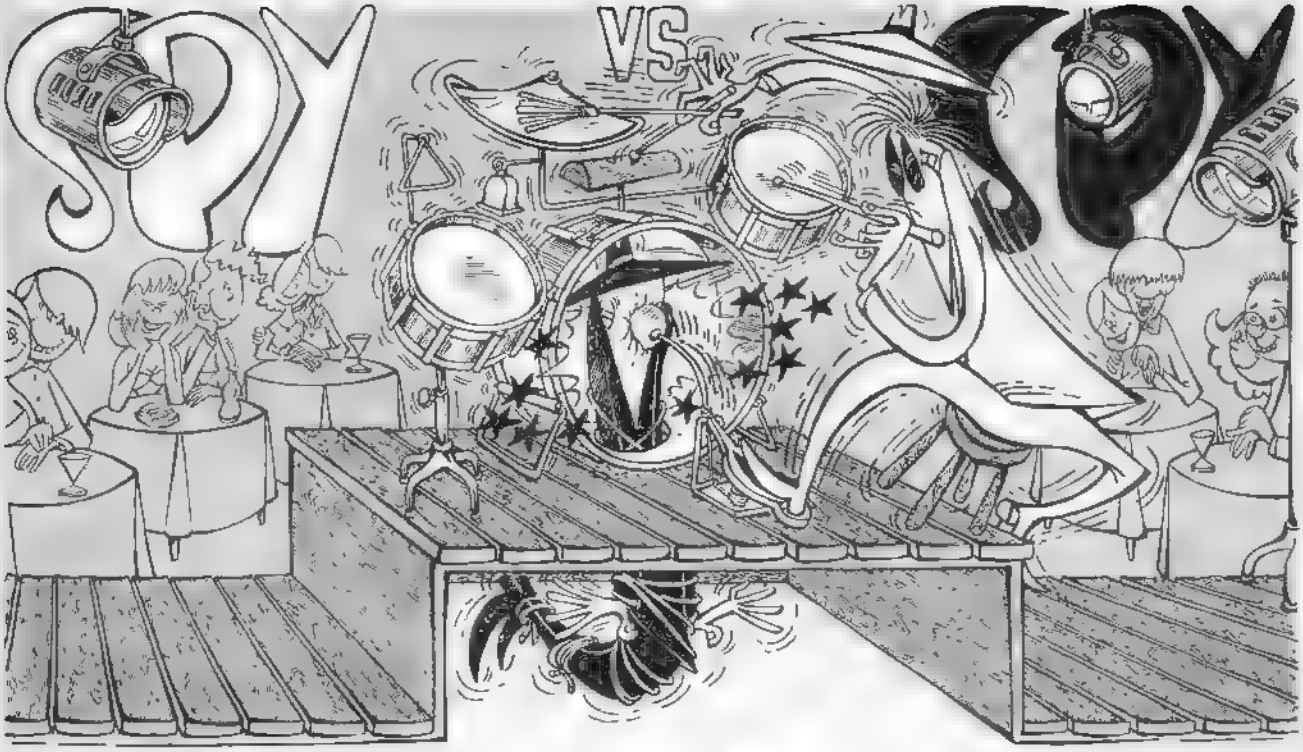
THE BEAST CAME CHARGING out of the oppressive kitchen heat, and my heart began to thump in my chest. But I knew what I had to do. Too many times in the past, I had turned tail and run in the face of this deadly species' attack.

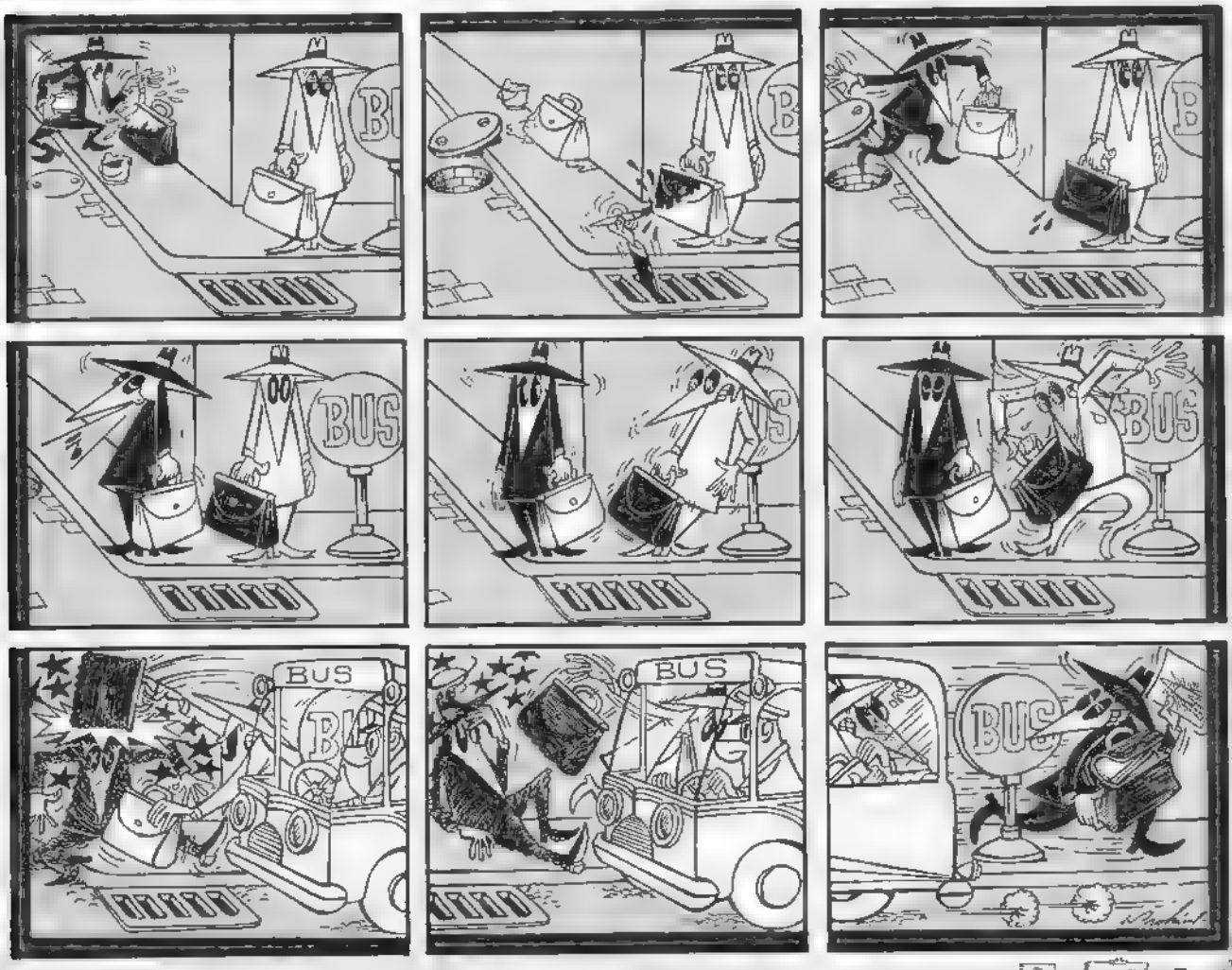
As he came beating down upon me, I surveyed the wreckage he'd left in the wake of his earlier charges: the unspeakably charred steak, the nauseatingly tepid soup, the deadly stale rolls, and the uneradicable coffee stain on my pants.

Tossing the check on the table with a hairy hand, he snorted his disdain at the havoc he'd wreaked. There was no backing down now, I thought. And raising myself to my full height, I looked my Waiter square in the eye and let him have it: A 75c tip . . . instead of the $1.00 I had originally planned to leave him.

Turning in triumph, I strode to the door, ignor- [illegible] and the foul invectives that drifted

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II





America, the Be

Oh, beautiful...

CONCEPT:
FRANK JACOBS

PRODUCED BY:
MAX BRANDEL

PICTURES BY:
U.P.I. & W.W.

autiful - Revisited

for spacious skies...

for amber waves of grain...

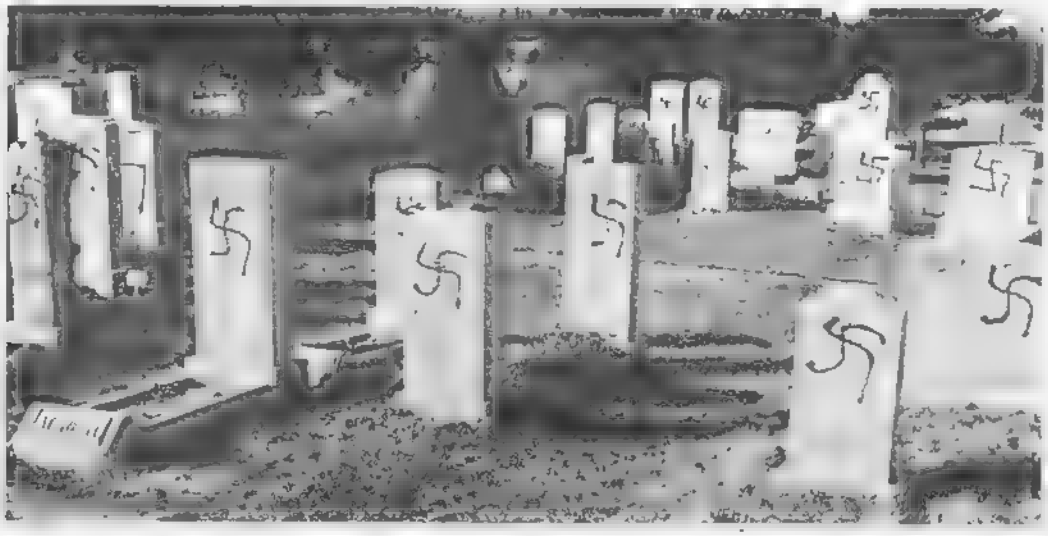
for purple mountain majesties...

above the fruited plain...

America, America...

God shed His grace on thee...

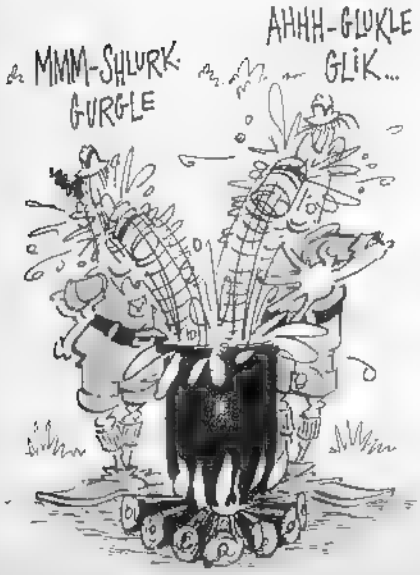
and crown thy good with brotherhood...



from
sea
to
shining
sea.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE MORNING IN THE JUNGLE



With the cost of movie admissions going up (and the level of movie quality going down), we now present a "Three-In-One Cinematic Satire Special" that saves you the trouble of being subjected to both. (Too bad if you already saw the pictures!) Mainly, here is a portfolio of

MAD MINI-MOVIES

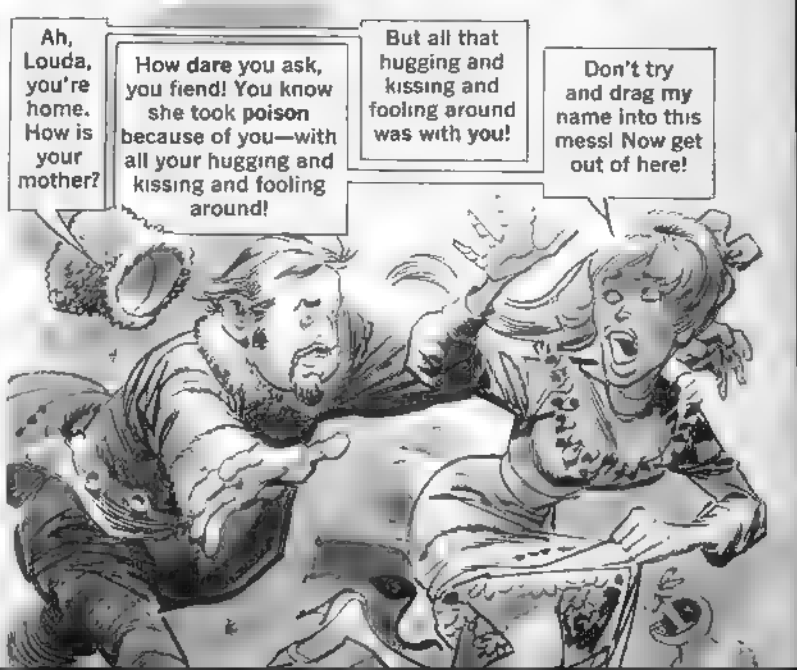
"Dr. Zhicago"
Written by Dick De Bartolo
Illustrated by Jack Davis

"IS PARIS BORING?"
Written by Lou Silverstone
Illustrated by Mort Drucker

"THROW-UP"
Written by Arnie Kogen
Illustrated by Bruce Stark

Boris Pasternak's Nobel Prize-Winning book, Doctor Zhivago, dealt with revolution, inquisition, and man's inhumanity to man—elements that would result in a box-office tragedy! So naturally, the motion picture based on his book deals with love, sex, infidelity and snow. Plenty, plenty snow!

Dr. ZHICAGO



How about a date tonight? We'll go dancing. I'll pick you up at eight!

You must be sick!! What kind of girl do you take me for? Make it nine!

I love you when you play hard to get!

Donka, will you marry me?

Oh, Eerie, this is so sudden! Shouldn't we wait a while, like till the end of this dance?

That was a gun shot!

BANG!

You filthy swine! Look what you've done! You've injured me!

I'm sorry, Cameoverski, it was an accident! Honest! I didn't mean to injure you—I meant to kill you!

I'll fix your hand, sir. And you, Louda—first a dying mother, then a beat-up friend, and now this. I hope you have group insurance!

Gun shots—It's the revolution!

The revolution has begun!!

BANG! BANG!

INTERMISSION

It was terrible. The suffering—the bloodshed—no regard for life or limb . . .

I told you not to go to the candy counter during the INTERMISSION! These long movies bring out the worst in people!

Well, Eerie, we've been married, we have one child and another on the way, and father's come to live with us!

That was one helluva intermission, all right?

With all sorts of fighting going on, your services will be in constant demand here. So why not give it all up and become a starving poet in my father's cottage in the wastelands?

When you speak logic like that, how can I refuse? Let's go!

What's happening, Eerie? You always used to stay home with me, but lately you've been running into town for all sorts of silly things . . .

I don't know what you're talking about, my dear. But we'll have to discuss it later. Right now I must go into town and buy a mouse trap.

Mouse trap? We don't have any mice!

I forgot to tell you—I bought some yesterday! Bye . . .

I can't go on seeing you like this!

Does your wife suspect?

No—she knows for sure!

What are you going to do?

I'm never going to see you again!

On second thought, I'm never going to see her again!

Am I interrupting something?

No. You know how scarce food is. We were just chewing one piece of gum together!

Well, you two had better come with me!

You must be crazy! Do you think I would leave here for any reason? Besides, the Doctor wants me to stay in bed!

Because of your past association with that fanatic Babka, your life is in danger!

Lucky for you I happen to be packed!

You two go ahead and I'll meet you at the train. I have a bit of packing and a lot of sulking to do . . .

I don't think your friend the doctor is coming. Especially since we left the station two hours ago!

I didn't think he would. He has more important things to do—like fading into obscurity. You can't do something like that overnight, you know. Besides, I'll never forget Eerie—I'm carrying his baby!

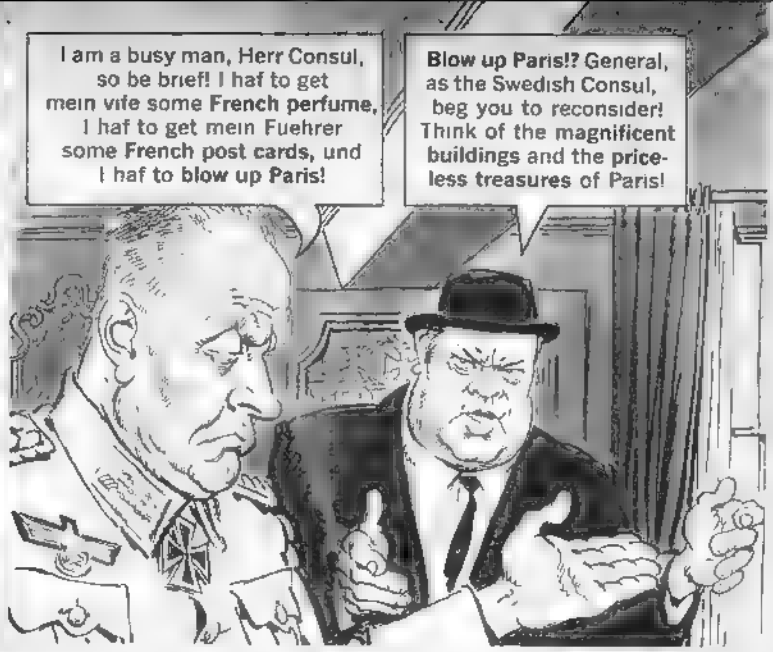
You'd think a big man like that would carry his own baby!

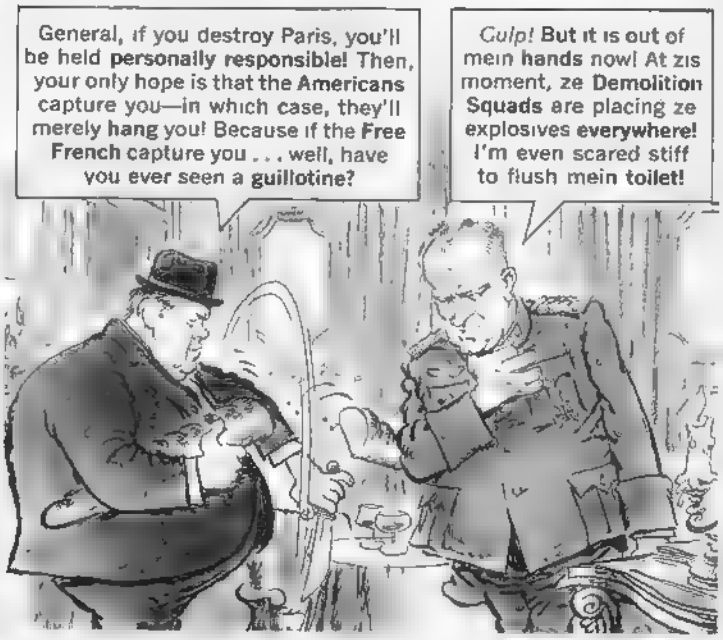
I hope it's a boy so he can grow up and be a fine doctor—respected by all those who know and love him . . .

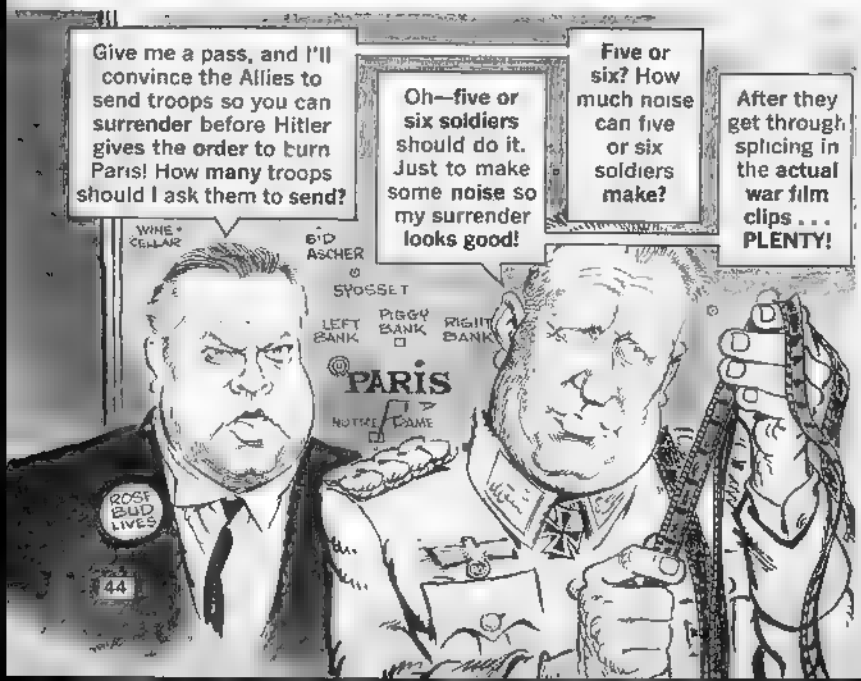
Better that . . . than be like his father!

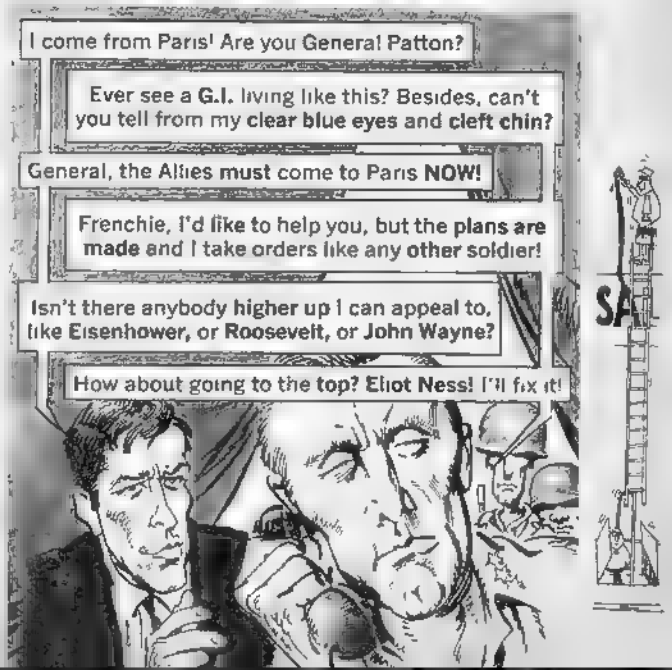
The liberation of Paris by the Allies was a stirring and exciting moment in history. Unfortunately, the people who decided to make a movie about this event ignored the need to make a stirring and exciting movie. Join us now as Hitler (the only Nazi who speaks German) screams, "Brennt Paris?" (Is Paris burning?) . . . and we scream back—

IS PARIS BORING?









Is this **Allied Headquarters**, or a **Foreign Film Festival?** I never saw so many **high-ranking movie stars** in my life!

Make your pitch, Frenchie! **We "Cameo-Rolers"** don't have much time! We're anxious to get **out** of these costumes and on to our **free-paid-vacation tie-in deal!**

Gentlemen, I beseech you to **change** your plans and direct your armies to **Paris** before it's **too late!**

We **can't stop now!** "The Longest Day" is **over**, and we're heading toward "The Battle Of The Bulge"! There's **no time** for **another** movie!

But think of **after** the war! The French people will **never forgive you** if you let Paris burn. But if you **save** Paris, we will always **love** and **appreciate** you. And if you want to form a **North Atlantic Treaty Organization** some day, France will give you **full support**, and General De Gaulle will be **eternally grateful** and **cooperative!** And think of how grateful the **women** of Paris will be!

Gentlemen, he's **right!** We **MUST** save Paris —for future **French-American relations!**

Himmel! It's getting **late!** The Allies better get here **qvick**— before that **phone** rings!

One thing puzzles me, General! You blasted **Rotterdam** off the face of the Earth without a second thought. Why the sudden change of heart with **Paris?**

First, ve vere not at **var** vit ze Dutch! Ve only did it for **kicks!** Und second, ve vere **vinning** ze var zen! Hitler vas a **genius!** Now zat ve are **losing**, Hitler is **mad**, und **ve gotta save our necks!**

Herr General, ze Allies are here! Ve can **surrender!**

Goot! Now each of you fire von shot from your pistol so it sounds like ve resisted—zen come to my place for **dinner!**

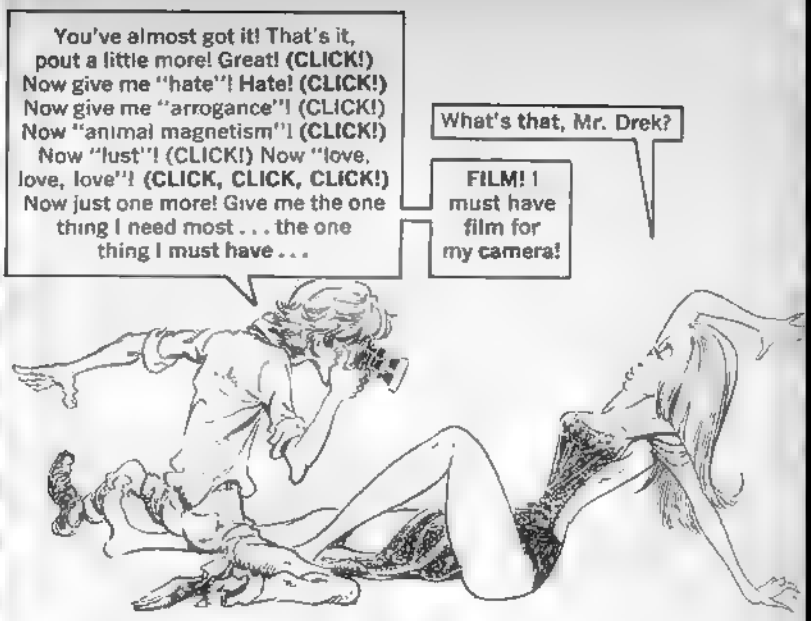
General, it's **Hitler!** What should I tell him?

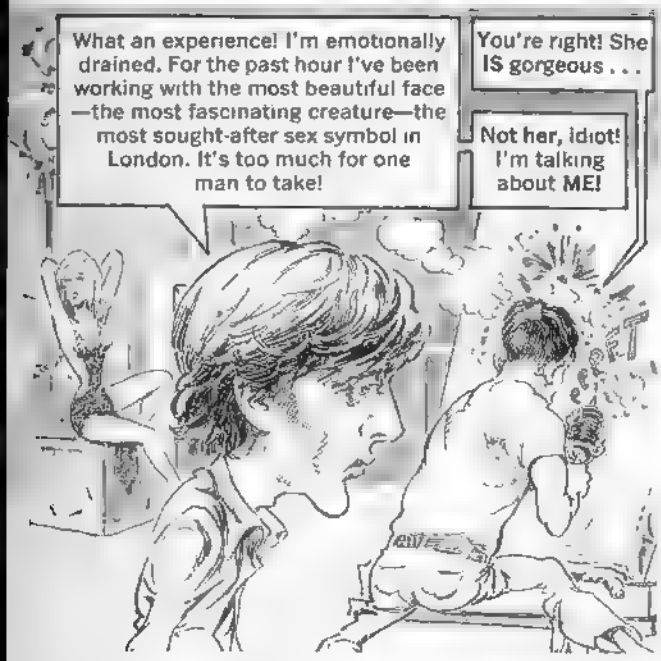
Brennt Paris? Brennt Paris? Brennt Paris??

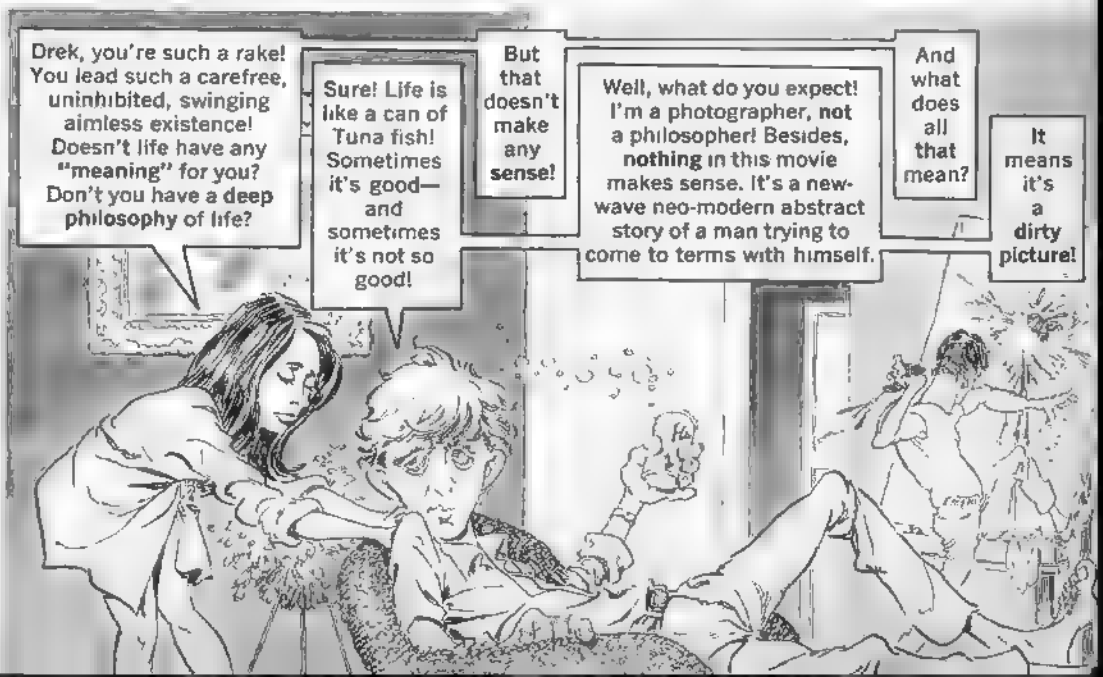
Tell him, **No!** Paris is **NOT** burning! But ze **people** who shelled out **goot money** to see zis dull rotten movie— **ZEY ARE BURNING!**

Years ago, the screen's great lovers were represented by leading men like Cary Grant, Clark Gable and Guy Madison . . . all suave, handsome and well-groomed. Now we have a new trend in movie lovers. In order to make out, he's got to be under 25, sloppy, irresponsible, and mainly English! First came "Alfie", and now this startling movie about a way-out swinging photographer:

THROW UP







Please, Drek! Take us with you!

We'll do anything you want! We're after new kicks!

Run us over and leave tire marks on our backsides!

Caress us with hot flash bulbs!

Take us in your arms and flog us with your long hair!

Torment us! Torture us! Take us to a Laurence Harvey Film Festival!

Punch us in the shoulder!

Give us "two for flinching"! Anything! We're yours!

Beat it, you silly teeny-boppers! I can't be bothered with your childish hang-ups! I'm off to have me some real excitement! I'm going to take pictures in the park!

This looks like a good spot! I'll hide my 185 pound body behind this 1-inch tree, and using the techniques of Bert Sterm, Richard Avedon and mainly Allan Funt, shoot pictures of that couple making love . . .

Wait a minute! Stop taking those pictures! You've got to give them back! There's something that could turn out to be horrible and ugly!

You mean the photos will show that you're having an illicit love-affair with that man?

No, I mean the photos will show that you shot my "wrong side"!

Karl! Aren't you going to say anything?

Of course! I'll take two 8x10's —a 4x5— and a couple of wallet-size prints!

YOU!? How did you find me?

I looked you up in the London "Yellow Pages" under "Aimless Drifter-type Photographers"!

I want that roll of film— and I mean to get it!

What will you give me for it?

I'll give you four Ron Swobodas, two Willie Mays, and Joe Pepitone doing a TV Commercial for Ozon Hair Spray!

I had something else in mind! Why don't we go into my darkroom . . . and see what develops.

That's an old cliché!

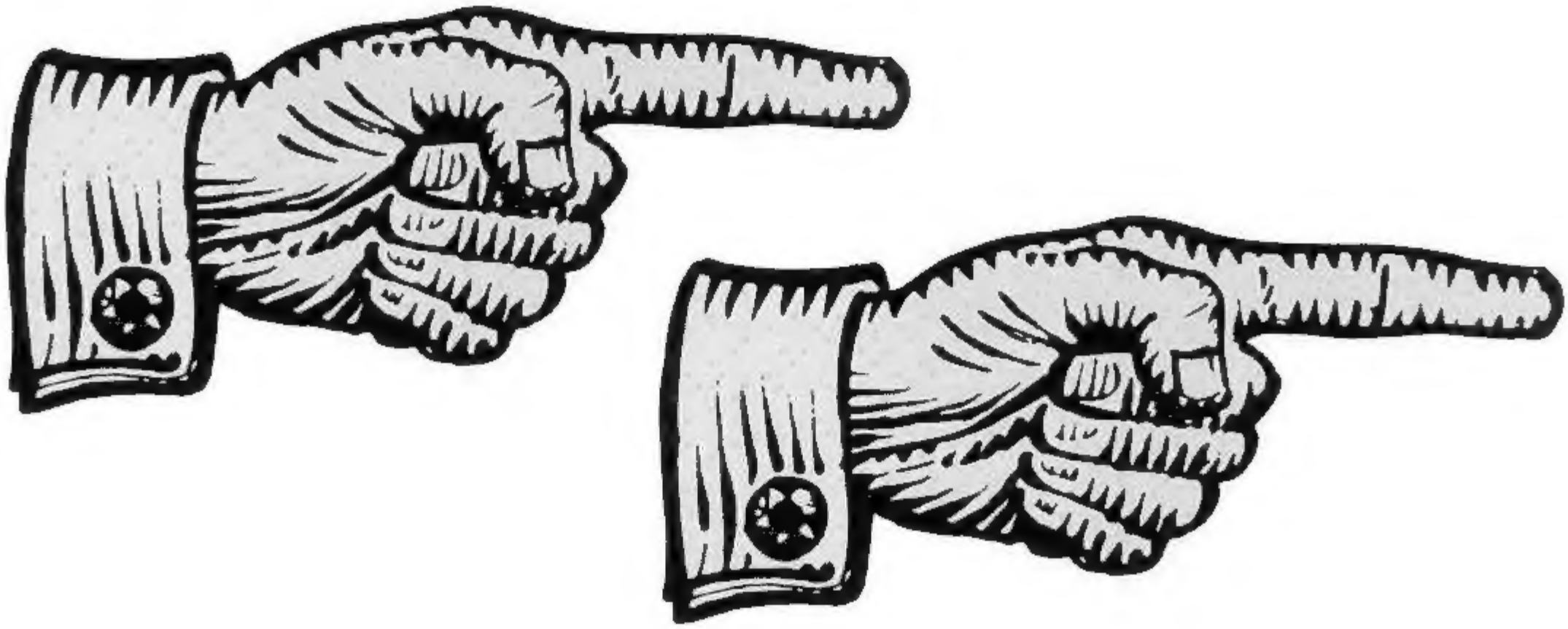
So is this seduction scene! Every movie coming out of England has at least six of them!

You know, . . . it's amazing! Simply amazing!

What is? The fact that I gave you back your film? That I interrupted our love tryst to accept delivery of this meaningless propeller? That Carlo Ponti actually put up money to make this movie?

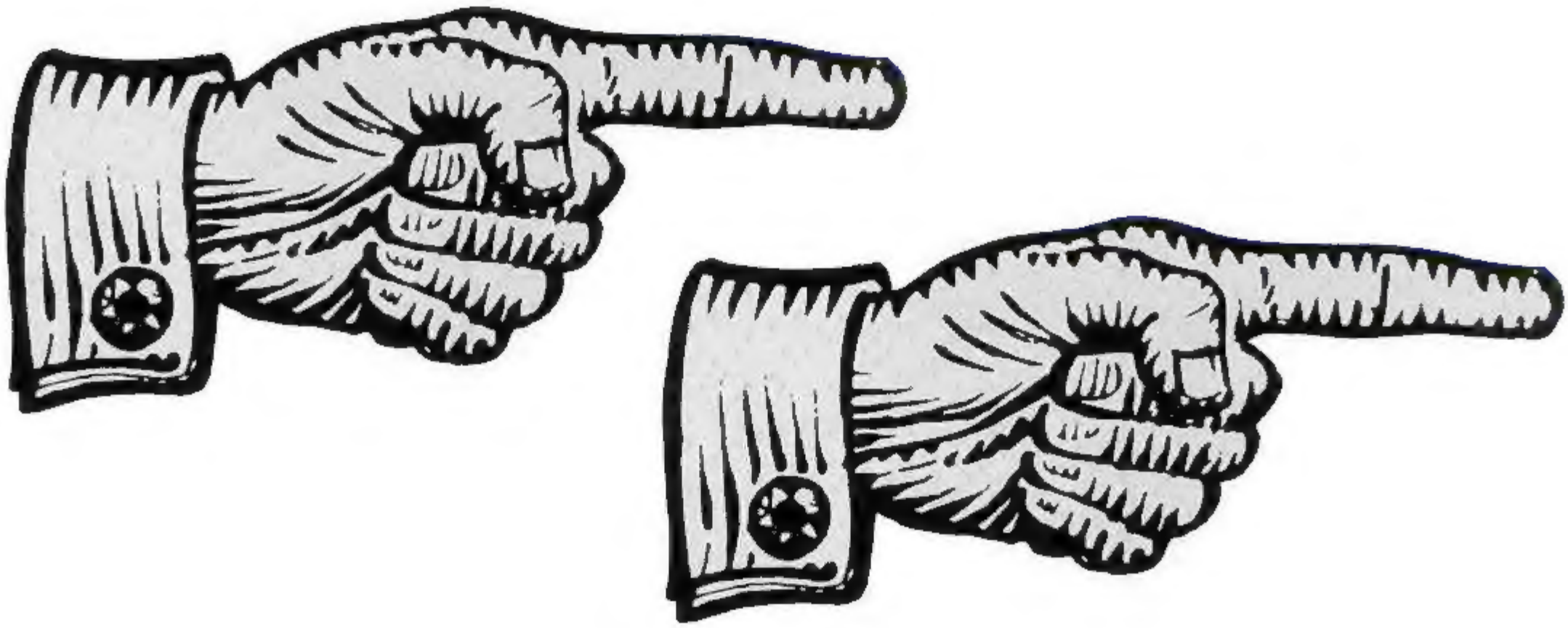
No . . . the fact that no one in this entire picture— including me —wears any underwear!

Isn't this an unusually "wild" sequence?
Nahh—it's just a standard "depraved-photographer-and-two-teenage-girls-cavorting on-a-sheet-of-purple-paper" scene! Actually, it solves one of my hang-ups!
You mean you've got a hang-up for teenage girls?
No, I've got a hang-up for purple paper! I'm in love with the stuff!
Do you think this scene will get past the censors in Boston?
Boston!? I don't think this scene will get past the censors for a stag party at the University of Cal at Berkeley!
Hmm! The pictures were right! He IS dead! What do I do now? Do I get involved? Do I abandon my madcap, irresponsible way of life? My girls? My orgies? My purple paper?
Idiot! (GASP!) How about calling the police?
You keep out of this! I'm trying to make up my OWN mind!
Hey, Beard! I've got a problem!
I've seen the life you lead! I should have such problems!
Listen, I took some exclusive photos of a murder, and for the past four hours I've been trying to reach a decision—
About whether to go to the police with them?
No—about whether to sell them to "Life" or to "Look"!
Forget the pictures, Drek! Just relax and enjoy this typical London party. Everyone is on a different kick. That couple is on LSD, that group is sniffing airplane glue, and the group in the next room is on the biggest, wildest kick of them all . . .
What's that?
They're watching the footage of the "purple paper scene" we had to cut to satisfy the censors!
See that? He's running after the imaginary ball in this symbolic mock-pantomime scene! He's as crazy as the rest of us!
But I'm confused! Aside from the wild photography, what does this scene mean?
The tennis game represents the game of life—the ball is the murder and his failure to come to grips with it—the blades of grass are the women he's stepped on—the most significant are the previous sex scenes!
Really? And what do the previous sex scenes represent?
About $8 million in Art Theater grosses for the Producer!
How come you understand so much about this movie?
Because I'm Carlo Ponti—The Producer! How come you understand so little?
Because I'm Michaelangelo Antonioni—The Director!



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHERE IS THE CURRENT TREND IN **POPULAR LITERATURE** HEADED?

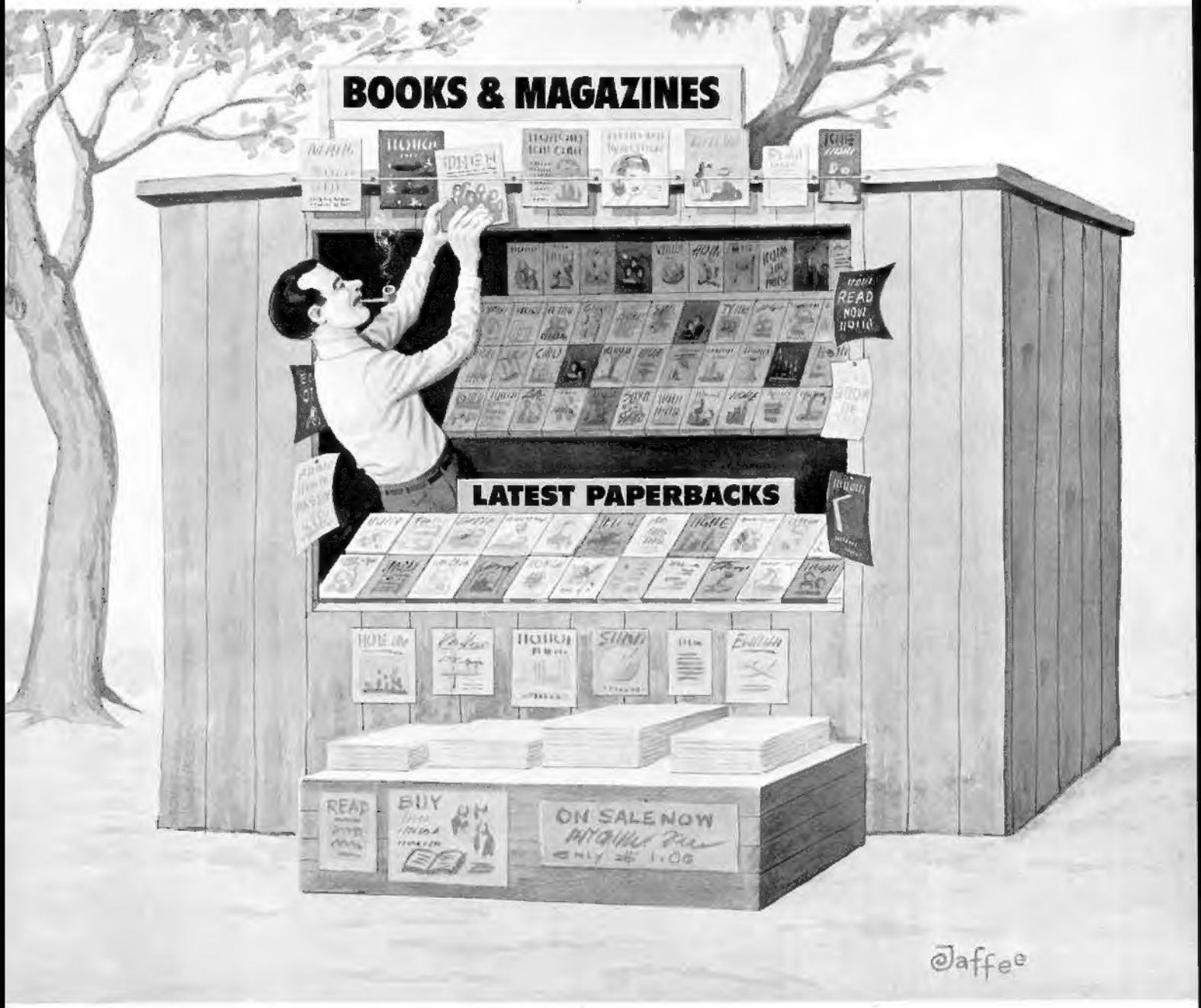
HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

In the past, literary trends were often vague and short-lived. Today, however, our popular literature is headed in one definite direction. Fold the page in as shown, and see exactly where it's going.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



WHENEVER A NEW NOVEL OR MAGAZINE HITS THE BOOKSTORE IT'S A SURE BET THAT ITS PAGES WILL BE BELTING OUT THE STUFF THAT APPEALS TO TODAY'S THRONGS!

Written & Drawn by AL JAFFEE

A ▸ ◂ B

WHERE IS THE CURRENT TREND IN POPULAR LITERATURE HEADED?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ◀▶ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

Written & Drawn
by AL JAFFEE

WHERE IT BELONGS!

A ◀▶ B

What kind
of man uses
Greasylene Hair Tonic?

He spots a pretty girl in trouble . . . being chased by a mugger . . .

. . . whips out his bottle of Greasylene Hair Tonic . . .

. . . pours it in the mugger's path as the girl passes . . .

. . . and another criminal slips up!

When criminals get in his hair...
the man who knows how to take care of himself
uses Greasylene Hair Tonic!

(But he'd never rub the gooky kid stuff in his scalp!)